

A Destiny I Never Wanted

By Tenchi Malfoy

Disclaimer: All things referring to the original Harry Potter books are not mine. The plot and some of the characters you do not recognize are mine.

Author Notes: I hope you like this story! It is my first so be easy on little old me. Anyways im sorry if there are mistakes in this chapter I will try my best to rectify them. Well let us get on to the story shall we!

Prologue: Losing So Much but Gaining Much More

It had been a month since the Final Battle and Harry Potter was alive but only by life. His heart and mind were gone somewhere else. He sat there at the base of the lake on the Hogwarts grounds, watching his schoolmates celebrate for the demise of the Dark Lord.

He himself couldn't bring himself to celebrate, yes he had defeated the worst Dark Lord in a century but what he lost was so much more. He had nobody at the end of the day to go home to, nobody to talk to without being asked for his autograph.

Hermione had been murdered in a raid at Hogsmeade a month before the Final Battle. Lucius Malfoy killed her as he held onto Ron making him watch her painful death. He used multiple dark curses and then used the unforgivable. He started out by making Hermione kill Neville with a knife by using the Imperious Curse. Then he used Crucio multiple times and laughed as she screamed her lungs out until he hit her with the Killing Curse.

Ron was locked up in St. Mungos because he went insane after the scene. He never spoke a word to anyone after that. He was in the ward with the Longbottom's where Harry visited him often with hope but leaving with less each day.

Remus had been killed by a fellow werewolf at the beginning of his Seventh year. Remus had refused to join the werewolf group that had sided with Voldemort and thus been captured and murdered before

he could be rescued. The werewolf was killed soon after by a furious Harry.

Dumbledore survived until the Final Battle where he was ambushed and murdered by no less than thirty Death Eaters. Harry could not save him because he was preoccupied with Voldemort in an intense duel. Dumbledore died with honor as he gazed upon the Death Eaters calmly with something akin to excitement in his face. Harry remembered his last words as he saw Dumbledore fall, "No Harry I am not worried it as I said before death is just the next greatest adventure," Then they walked out onto the battlefield silently with so many others following behind their great leaders.

Amelia Bones had taken over as Headmistress since both Dumbledore and McGonagall were murdered. Snape became Deputy Headmaster in place of McGonagall. The Weasley's suffered the loss of Bill and Percy as well as Mr. Weasley.

The person who had made him want to die as well was his lover, his everything, Ginny Weasley. She had been held captive by Theodore Nott at the end of Seventh year right before the battle. Harry tried to rescue her at Riddle Manor where she was being kept but she had already died from torture and rape. He cried for days blaming himself for not getting there fast enough. The one person who had never wavered in her love for him slipped through his grasp into the grasp of death. He would never forgive himself for not being there to save her as she did him in so many ways.

Harry shook his head to rid him of such thoughts; he looked upon the school he was no longer apart of with sad eyes. He could not bring himself to leave his only true home that he had ever had. He had changed so much from that little underfed boy he had been in his first year.

After fifth year during the summer he had vowed to himself that he would never let the people he loved to die again. He spent that whole summer exercising and reading his school books over and over again. When the school year came he requested a meeting with Dumbledore, he told Dumbledore that he needed to be trained and after a few negotiations Dumbledore humbly agreed.

The next two years of his school life he spent working extra hard and having lessons with Dumbledore in a special room off of his office. During that time they discovered the “Power the Dark Lord Knows Not”. Harry was the first one in three hundred years to be a Multi-Elemental Lord. He wielded the power of all four elements thus having control over the other two, shadow and light.

He could conjure fire with a flick of his wrist and manipulate water into a creature that attacks at command, make cliffs appear at of no where for barriers, conjure more wind for a tornado, make day look like night and use them all to make the ultimate storm. He defeated Voldemort by using all his power in the elements together and forcing it at a shocked Voldemort who was blown into to bits.

He spent two weeks in the hospital wing to recover from magical exhaustion. He spent another week regaining his sleep under the watchful eye of Poppy which she insisted he called her. It was now a week after he was released and he felt normal but empty.

He looked like his *normal* self at the first glance. His now long jet-black hair was tied at the neck of his head by a green sash. His body was toned and muscular covered by his emerald dragon hide robes. He wore dragon hide boots as well as a regular dark green cloak. He had grown to look more like his mother with his now angular features. His eyes shown out with a piercing look in them as if he were to look at you he could see right through you. He looked the epitome of a Wizarding Savior unless you looked closer and then you could see the grief in his sad eyes.

He looked upon the glassy lake and then up to the now darkened sky with his empty eyes. He conjured a pillow with a thought and lay his head down upon it. He stargazed for a while looking particularly at the Dog Star Sirius.

Just as he fell asleep out by the lake he muttered some words that would take him on yet another adventure.

“Why me? Lord you gave me a destiny I never wanted. Why me?” asked Harry as he failed to notice the Dog Star flicker for a minute before it shoot across the sky. Of you were to look down upon the Hogwarts grounds by the lake at that moment you would see a gold

light surround Harry Potter and then gone the next second taking Harry in its wake.

A small boy with untidy black hair and a strained expression on his face lay on the ground in the middle of a small valley. It looked as if he were sleeping but if you looked closer you could tell he was awaking. Eyes fluttered open revealing piercing emeralds staring confusedly ahead taking in his surroundings.

Harry Potter could say he didn't know where he was and how he ended up there but that was the least of his worries. He looked down and noticed he seemed closer to the ground than he was supposed to be. He went to grab his wand out of his now baggy slacks but as he felt for it...nothing was there.

It did not really matter if he had his wand or not but now it felt as if part of himself was missing. He shook his head to rid of his thoughts and with a small wave of his hand a mirror was conjured.

He looked at himself and took all his self control to not curse worse than the devil. He did not see the man that he was before he fell asleep but a version of himself at age eleven. The only thing that was different that he could tell was all the malnutrition the Dursley's had subjected him too could not be seen.

He grimaced at his height and low muscle content as he took off his clothes to shrink them. He put on his newly shrunk clothes as he looked around for any sign of where he was. Up on a large hill he could make out a rather large castle shaped thing.

"I guess I should start walking up there and find out where the hell I am," he muttered to himself as he started his trek up the hill. He thought all about what sort of spell could have changed him into a younger and dare he say it uglier version of himself. "Could have been a joke," he muttered as he got to the top and got his first look at the large castle.

In reality it was not a castle but a large mansion made out of white stones. It was smaller than Hogwarts but still quite large and had a quidditch pitch confirming that it was a wizarding household. But that was not the thing that made him almost faint...a large P with a Gryffin and Phoenix emblem sat on the metal gates...the Potter crest.

Harry always knew he had an ancestral home and he had planned on moving in after the war but he never knew the location. He had to admit it was quite beautiful and majestic looking. He magically unlocked the gates with the Potter code...“I am a Potter till death and on,” He walked in the gates and down the long path way leading up to two large glass doors. He looked for a doorbell but as he went to ring it, the door opened to reveal a small child. It was a small girl, no older then three with medium length red hair and small oval shaped hazel eyes. He was surprised when she squealed and jumped up in his arms.

“Harry’s home, Harry’s home!” she exclaimed as she got off him and disappeared. He thought back trying to place if he had ever met the small energetic girl and came up with nothing. He mused out of his thoughts when a tall man with untidy black hair and hazel eyes that were bespectacled came into view with a large smile on his handsome face. Harry just stood there thinking and looked at this strange man and reveling at how much he looked like his father.

“Son there you are! I would advise you to go and hide your mother is furious at you for leaving last night,” laughed the man as he clapped Harry on the shoulder. Harry kept staring at the man with a confused look before his face contorting into a murderous gaze.

“Fred and George I don’t know how you got her but this time you went to far!” he screamed at nobody as he waved his arms around for effect. The man stood looking curiously around obviously looking for who Harry was talking too.

“Are you ok Harry? Who is Fred and George?” asked the man curiously as looked back to his *son*.

“Who are you?” growled Harry furiously as he turned his piercing gaze back to the man.

“Your father are you sure your ok?” asked the man worriedly as he went to playfully check Harry’s forehead. He stopped at the murderous glare that was sent his way.

“I meant your name?” asked Harry as he tried to keep his emotions in check.

“James Potter,” said James slowly as if he were talking to a three year old. Harry’s glare intensified at the answer but before he could retort a furious red headed woman came into view by the door.

“Harry James Potter! I don’t know who you think you are mister but I want to know where you were all night and I want to know now!” the woman yelled as she tapped her foot impatiently. Harry did not answer right away but looked around the mansion curiously. There were pictures hung on the wall but what struck him was a large painted picture of him with the red headed woman and the man with a young boy that looked seven, the small girl who had answered the door and a small toddler. He turned back to the red headed woman with a glazed look.

“You don’t even want to know because I don’t even know,” Harry muttered at he fell to the ground in a dead faint.

Chapter 3: Imposters

He could hear the voices as he slowly awoken and noticed he was no longer on the floor but on a soft and leathery type couch. He could not really remember exactly where he was and didn't recognize the voices at all. He listened as he kept his eyes close as to not make them aware of his presence.

"James what happened, this better not be a prank because it is not very funny!" reprimanded a voice that sounded like a middle-aged woman.

"I didn't do anything, I was going to the door to see who it was when Cyzelena came running to me and said Harry was home," started the voice of a man who was obviously James innocently. "The next thing I know he is glaring at me and asking who the hell I was!" said James incredulously as he threw his hands up. He muttered, "Even if he was not my son everyone knows who I am," James sighed as he looked back at the supposedly sleeping son.

"That's all, you two didn't set this up like the last time?" asked the woman uneasily as she too gazed back at her son.

"I would never pull something like this on you Lily," said James quietly as a hurt look passed over his face. Lily nodded her acceptance but continued looking at her son thoughtfully.

Harry sat there as the memories rushed back to him. Going up to Potter Mansion; meeting the look-alikes of said Potters and a small girl who he assumed was Cyzelena; yelling at the imposters and then fainting; who couldn't even suppress the groan from escaping his mouth.

Almost as soon as he groaned the Lily, imposter was over by him checking him over with a few recognizable spells. He flinched as the woman put her hand to his forehead before nodding and stepping back. Harry opened his eyes slowly as to get used to the bright room. Both of the imposters were standing in front of him with worried expressions adorning their faces.

"Are you okay darling?" asked the woman quietly as if he would drop dead at any given time.

"You gave us a right good scare there mate," chuckled James but closed his mouth at the look that his wife gave him.

"Why are you two still here?" asked Harry as he sat up and glared at them.

"Young man you will not talk to us that way," said the woman as she pointed her finger into his chest. Harry looked down at the finger thoughtfully before looking back at the imposters carefully. He stared at the man first and silently tried to check for any charms or potion use but surprisingly came up with nothing. He turned toward the woman, did the same thing, and came up with nothing once more.

"Sorry, um mum," Harry muttered as he thought his predicament over carefully. He did not know who these people were but he was going to go along with them. He would stay for a few days, observe them, and then take them to the Ministry where the minister could deal with them personally.

"Quite alright dear, now do you feel up to going with us tonight?" asked Lily as she walked up to Harry and enveloped him into a hug. He flinched away at the contact but to not raise questions, awkwardly patted her own head.

"I must have forgotten where we are going?" asked Harry as he got off the couch from where he had been sitting.

"Where going over to Sirius's to have dinner with Remus and Peter," answered James as he smiled brightly at his almost back to normal son.

"Yah I'll go I guess," said Harry awkwardly as he forced a smile on his face after hearing the name Peter. He held in his tears at the names of Sirius and Remus but pushed the memories to the back of his mind.

"Are you sure dear and don't think your off the hook, when we get home were going to have a talk about where you were this morning," said Lily as she gave him a disapproving look.

“I’m fine and I look forward to it,” said Harry quietly as thoughts flew through his head so fast he was barely even able to hear them. “Peter is dead or is he?” “How did Sirius get out of the veil?” “Remus, I thought oh no!” “Why are they doing this to me?” he asked himself as he tuned back into the woman as she left the room.

"I have to go and tend to Zykye, make sure you are ready by six," Lily said loud enough for her son to hear as she left the room. Harry nodded as he guessed Zykye was it, was the small toddler in the picture?

“Well I have some papers that need to be signed in my office so I will see you at six my boy,” said James as he left the room with a small smile gracing his face.

“Yah sure dad, um see you then,” said Harry awkwardly as he looked around the room and with a sigh mutter a few choice words. “If I can find where there is,” he muttered as he sat back down on the couch in a heap.

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[illegible]

Chapter4: Trebel and Dinner

He sat there reminiscing on the couch for what felt like a few minutes but in reality was a few hours. He looked up from where he was absently staring at his feet when he heard inaudible crack. A small house-elf stood in a white cotton cloth suit with the Potter crest. His head was bowed in in respect and silently asking permission to talk. Harry gazed at the small house-elf curiously before recognition passed over his face and nodded his acceptance.

"Trebel thinks Master Harry should go and get ready for the dinner at Mister Blacks'," squeaked Trebel as he winced, Harry's face took on a thoughtful look.

"What time is it Trebel?" asked Harry quietly as he stared at the surprised house-elf.

"It is a quarter to six Master," answered Trebel as soon as Harry finished. Harry nodded his head absently as he got up off the couch silently.

"I seemed to have forgotten where my room was, would you mind showing me?" asked Harry politely as he offered his hand to the scared elf.

"It would be an honor Master but your hand is too much," replied Trebel as his eyes grew wide with fear at what he had said. Harry ignored what he had said and kept his hand out stubbornly.

"Trebel I assure you that I mean know harm, now if you could," said Harry patiently. Trebel slowly lifted his own hand to grasp Harry's much larger one. With a large reassuring smile Harry nodded for Trebel to move along. Trebel shakily started to walk and led him to a large staircase that the two walked up together hand in hand. Harry watched as Trebel carefully turned his head to look at Harry almost cautiously.

"If Trebel may sir can I ask you a question?" asked the small house-elf quietly as he waited for an answer.

“Of course feel free to ask me anything you like Trebel,” said Harry confidently as he smiled once more. The terrified house-elf seemed to be debating whether it should ask even if it had its Master’s permission. It seemed curiosity won over and the elf took in a large breath.

“Master, Trebel was wondering why Master Harry sir is acting so different?” asked Trebel so softly Harry had to strain to hear him.

“Differently how so?” asked Harry as they reached the top of the staircase. Harry took note in where Trebel was taking him.

“Master I should not say, you will get mad and yell at poor Trebel,” answered Trebel but as quickly he covered his mouth and his eyes got wide with more fear. “Trebel shouldn’t have said that, bad Trebel I is being a bad house-elf,” squeaked Trebel fearfully as he started to bang his head on a near by table. Harry stood there for a second before rushing over and prying the hysterical house-elf off the table.

He held the house-elf all why muttering soft words for him to calm down. Trebel blew his nose on the offered hankie Harry had conjured silently. Harry gently put the house-elf down as he grabbed the small hand and let Trebel calm down.

“Trebel I command you not to hit yourself in my presence,” said Harry seriously as he gave the elf a stern glare as Trebel started protesting.

“I am most sorry Master but I had to punish myself I spoke bad against my Master,” said Trebel sadly as he broke out in tears once more. Harry waited calmly for Trebel to get a hold of himself as they continuing walked down a long passage way. Trebel stopped at a large wooden door.

“This is your room Master Harry now if you excuse me I must go and punish myself,” said the house-elf determinedly.

“Oh no you don’t Trebel,” said Harry as he kept a hold of Trebel’s hand firmly. “Do you want to come inside?” asked Ha softly. The elf turned around and just stared at Harry even more fearfully then before. Harry stared back before sighing softly and pulling the reluctant house-elf into his room.

Harry was amazed by the sheer beauty that his room radiated. A large king-sized bed made out of shiny maple stood at the back of the room majestically. A large silky black comforter lay on it covered by large white fluffy pillows. Two nightstands stood on either side of the bed and a large matching dresser with a mirror on the left wall. Black soft carpet massaged his feet as he walked into the room. Prank items aligned the walls by sticking charms and a door probably leading to a bathroom stood the right of his bed. A door that was slightly ajar was a closet by the looks of it. Harry nodded for Trebel to follow him as he went and sat down on the bed.

"Come and sit down Trebel and let's talk," said Harry earnestly as he patted the comforter next to him. Trebel could only nod as she stood awed at being in her Master's room which was a huge privilege. Harry chuckled as he hopped off his bed and picked the light house-elf up and sat him on his bed before once more hopping up.

"Now that we are comfortable why don't you explain what you meant by different Trebel," said Harry calmly before adding, "And I forbid you to lie and I want you to be truthfully honest and you cannot harm yourself in anyway," finished Harry as he gestured for Trebel to talk.

"Well Master Harry sir," started Trebel quietly as he could but still loud enough for Harry to hear.

"Just Harry Trebel, just Harry," he muttered as he shook his head thoughtfully. He gave Trebel another stern look at his protesting comments.

"Alright H-Harry sir, you're acting different then usual because you're usually nasty and mean sir," stated the house-elf uncertain of Harry's reaction. "You usually hit poor Trebel and then laugh but only in privacy and you yell at other Masters when it is convenient for you," finished Trebel as he shook silently as saying such words.

"Do I really?" asked Harry not really expecting an answer. He was started to get worried, "*No matter what sort of prank no house-elf would ever agree to even being included,*" he thought to himself silently.

“Is Master Harry mad?” asked the house-elf fearfully. Harry was too lost in his thoughts to answer but simply shook his head. He came out of his thoughts when he absently stared at a large clock stating the time.

“No I am not mad but *mum* and *dad* will be if I am not ready to go in five minutes,” Harry said quickly as he jumped off the bed and ran to the closet. He stopped short when he seen how much clothes were actually in there. First of all the closet was huge and it was filled to the brim with clothing.

“If Trebel may sir, I have a suggestion for your clothing,” said Trebel form behind him. Harry nodded desperately as he looked back at the now energetic house-elf.

With a snap of Trebel’s fingers clothing appeared laid out on his bed. Harry all but ran to his bed and looked down. He was surprised at the house-elf’s choice of clothing; it looked just like something he would normally wear. A pair of dark jeans and black button up shirt with a pair of nice dress shoes. He quickly got dress forgetting that Trebel was there after he went to the bathroom to fix his hair. He brushed it out and noticed it wasn’t very long, only to just past his ears. He ran back out of the bathroom and out the door, but he came back just as fast.

“Thanks Trebel for everything,” said Harry sincerely as he hugged the surprised house-elf before running once more out the door. If only he had stayed a few more seconds he would have heard Trebel’s whispered words.

“Indeed young Master, I may find yet that you are not what you seem,” whispered Trebel as he snapped his fingers and left the room with a crack.

Harry ran out of his room and turned to the left running through the hall way. He came back to the staircase where he all but jumped his way down. He found himself back in the entrance hall where his *family* was waiting.

"There you are darling, we were just about to leave," said Lily quietly as she readjusted the toddler. Harry noticed the toddler had black hair and hazel eyes, "He must Zykye then," he thought to himself.

"Looking good there son but where are your glasses?" asked James curiously as he held onto Cyzelena's hand. Harry then noticed he had no glasses on but could still see fine.

"Umm you see I guess I don't need them anymore dad," answered Harry lamely as his parents cast him suspicious looks but laughed nonetheless.

"Sure well we better go, Zykye stand up," said Lily as she put down the small boy gently. James walked over with Cyzelena in tow as he pulled out a piece of paper.

"Everyone touch the paper, we will be traveling by portkey to Grimmauld place," said James neutrally as his family all put a finger to it. Harry tensed up at the word Grimmauld place but had no time to let go as they familiar tug at his navel caressed him.

Next thing he knew was landing on a hard floor with his eyes closed. He slowly opened them up as he got off the floor. He looked around and noticed this was not the Grimmauld place he remembered but a bright and homey feeling Grimmauld place. He then turned around when he heard a few scattered voices.

He sucked in breath when he saw Sirius and Remus coming toward his family both with large smiles plastered on their faces. He looked at Sirius first, he looked so much younger then he remembered and the haunted look that was in his eyes after Azkaban was no longer present. Instead a bright mischievous twinkle occupied them as his black locks hung in his face. He turned to Remus; this was not his Remus that he could tell. This Remus had golden hair with very few grays in it and very few worry lines on his face. His large amber eyes showed with happiness not despair and heartbreak.

It was then he took notice of another man standing inconspicuously next to Sirius. He was slightly over weight and light brown hair on his head. A smile on his face as he looked at his only friends. "Pettigrew, what the hell is he doing here!" he yelled to himself as he reached for

his wand instinctively only to find it gone. "No matter, I will do this the muggle way," he silently agreed as he smiled a wicked sort of smile.

He lunged at the small and surprised man. He hit everywhere his hands could come in contact with. He kicked everywhere his legs would go and smiled at the groans coming from the whimpering man. He felt large strong arms come around him and pull him off the rat. He looked up to the perpetrator with an insane look in his eyes but let it go with a sigh. Sirius gently put him down on the ground as Remus helped Peter off the floor.

"Harry James Potter, what was that all about!" exclaimed Lily as she went to Harry in a rush. Harry looked up into his mother's eyes, his eyes and cowered at the fury in them. Voldemort was one thing but a mother is on a whole different level.

"I had a panic attack," Harry said lamely as he thought up an excuse. Lily glared but nodded her acceptance before walking back over to James who looked like he was about to laugh. James winked at Harry before Sirius led them to the dining room where dinner was being served.

Remus came in a moment later with a bruised Pettigrew who looked weary of Harry. They all sat down as the food appeared on the table. Harry sat in between a tall woman he had not noticed before and his own mother.

"Harry dear can you pass the butter?" asked the woman politely as she handed the potatoes to James. Harry nodded absently as he handed the butter over and listened in to the quiet conversation his mother was having with the woman.

"Roma dear you cannot be serious we have enough patients as it is," said Lily incredulously as she shook her head.

"I know but they insisted we take them in," said the woman named Roma quietly as she too shook her head in agreement. Harry turned his head toward James who was quietly talking to Sirius and a boy who looked about nine.

“Son, when you get to Hogwarts you have to take over the family job of being the prank master,” said Sirius to the small boy who nodded his head energetically. Harry was becoming more confused by the moment, “Sirius never had a son,” he thought to himself.

“Yah you and Harry will be the new Marauders and will wreck havoc amongst the school,” added James as he threw his fist in the air.

“Oh no they won’t!” exclaimed their mothers in unison as they shook their heads in denial.

“My Harry will not take part in either of your prank fantasies,” said Lily stubbornly as she shook her finger at them.

“Neither will my Jake, Sirius so you better stop your foolishness or you will be on the couch tonight,” spoke Roma seriously as she stared at the spluttering Sirius.

“Your sleeping on the couch tonight Sirius why I sleep on a warm comforta-” but James was interrupted by Lily.

“Oh no you don’t James if you don’t stop either, you will find yourself on the couch as well,” chuckled Lily as she smiled wickedly at the laughing Sirius.

“What are you laughing at, you have to too!” exclaimed James as he laughed at Sirius’s now solemn face.

Harry quietly chuckled at their antics as he watched Remus softly laugh at his best friends. He turned his head toward Pettigrew who was now eating as he laughed every once and a while before eating once more. Harry swallowed his anger as he kept repeating to himself that this was not his Pettigrew but an imposter...or was he? He shook his head to rid him of such thoughts and finished eating.

The rest of the dinner went quite well and soon it was time to leave Grimmauld place. As everyone said their goodbyes he looked around curiously. Memories invading his mind...Sirius laughing as he sung Christmas carols during Winter Break in fifth year...talking to Sirius and Remus through the fire...Kreacher and that horrid painting of Sirius’s mother...wait where is the picture and Kreacher?

"Sirius where is that old painting of your mother?" he blurted out before he could stop himself. Sirius looked surprised at being addressed by the young Potter heir which Harry carefully stored for later.

"We got rid of it awhile ago, don't you remember?" asked Sirius curiously as he stared at Harry pensively. Harry shook his head before asking one more shocking question.

"What about Kreacher?" asked Harry thoughtfully if not a bit absently as he continually looked around the room.

"How do you know about Kreacher?" asked Sirius firmly if not a fearfully. Harry looked back at Sirius thoughtfully before recognition passed his face.

"Didn't you mention him before?" lied Harry as he silently berated himself for not thinking first.

"No I believe I didn't," said Sirius suspiciously as he continued gazing at his godson.

"Well we best be off then," interrupted James before Harry could think of what to say. James pulled out the same piece of paper and gestured for them to grab it. As Harry felt the familiar tug behind the navel he looked once more into Sirius suspicious dark blue eyes.

Harry landed on his feet absently as they arrived back at Potter mansion. He began walking up the stairs not really caring that his parents were yelling for him to come back. He went into his room where he quickly changed into a pair of black silky pajamas before he lay down in his bed.

He thought about all the things that had happened to him in this one day. "I need to get up early tomorrow to begin research on what ever or where ever I am," Harry thought to himself quietly. He couldn't explain it but for some reason, deep down he knew these people were not imposters and he could trust them. His last coherent thought before he fell into a blissful sleep was, "How can I trust someone when my trust was broken so many times?" and he drifted off not knowing someone had heard that thought and sighed with agreement.

Chapter5: Secrets Unveiled and Past Remembered Part 1

He slowly opened his eyes, so he could adjust to the light that was streaming in from a nearby window. Something had awoken him, a soft high voice. Blinking away his sleepiness his nose caught a steamy sweet smell coming from some where close. He turned his head and squeaked in surprise at a long thin nose in his face and two big green eyes peering at him patiently.

"Trebel what are you doing here? What time is it?" Harry asked as he caught his breath. Trebel looked apologetic before gesturing to a clock on the wall in the design of a broom. It was eleven o' clock already; he had slept in for the first time in years.

"Trebel sir was just coming to wake Master Harry for Trebel has made some food for Master Harry," said Trebel in one breath excitedly as he snapped his fingers and a tray appeared. Pancakes with syrup and eggs with toast covered the plate. Pumpkin juice sat inconspicuously at the edge of the tray silently.

"Thank you Trebel," said Harry earnestly and laughed when his stomach gave a loud lurch. "Guess I am sort of hungry eh?" said Harry with a soft chuckle.

"Trebel guesses you are Master Harry for your stomach tells us so," said Trebel in a serious manner. "Do you need my services anymore sir?" asked Trebel quickly as he bounced on his heels.

"Have you eaten yet Trebel?" asked Harry as he sat up so he could properly eat. Trebel inclined his head ever so slightly in a confused manner before shaking his head. "Well sit down then and let us eat this fine meal together," laughed Harry as he beckoned the hysteric house-elf over.

"But Trebel sir could never eat with the Master, tis not right for me, tis not proper," Trebel muttered quickly as bright green eyes met darker ones.

"Well today I say it is proper and what I say goes right Trebel?" asked Harry already knowing the answer but smiling all the same when Trebel nodding happily.

“Well sir if I must but only if I must,” murmured Trebel a bit to happy as he struggled to get on Harry’s tall bed. Harry chuckled before grabbing the small house-elf and lifting Trebel up to sit next to him.

“You must,” Harry said just as quietly. “So what kinds of food do you like Trebel?” asked Harry curiously as he had never asked a house-elf what they ate before.

“Oh! Us house-elves eat just as you do sir except I tend to stray away from the desserts as they make poor Trebel’s stomach ache with sweetness,” said Trebel as he snapped his fingers and another tray appeared but water lay in the glass instead of pumpkin juice.

“Does it now? That is interesting any idea as to why?” asked Harry as he stabbed a cut piece of pancake with his fork that had been supplied to him by Trebel.

“Well I do have a theory sir...” said Trebel. It continued much like that for a half of hour. Questions were asked and answers were given freely and stomach were filled and cured from their hunger.

“What is Master Harry to do today sir?” asked Trebel as they finished and he banished away the dirty trays of food.

“Actually I was wondering if you could show me to a library as I have some business I must attend to,” said Harry as he hopped off his bed in a rush. He picked up Trebel and gently set his feet to the soft ground.

“Of course sir, Trebel would be most happy to show you as it is just down a few halls,” said Trebel as he closed his eyes. Harry looked curious as to why he was doing so but after a few random thoughts came to the conclusion that he needed to get dressed as he was still in his silkily pajamas.

He walked over to his vast closet and picked out some dark jeans and an ordinary black shirt. He dressed quickly and slipped on a pair of dark slippers that looked comfy as he did not feel like wearing regular shoes. He stepped out of his closet and walked over to the bathroom. He used the lavatory and then looked into the mirror and scoffed at his appearance.

His hair was short and messy as it used to be when he was young and to say he did not like it was an understatement. He tried to make the stubborn black hair lay straight but to no avail. He messed it all up before walking out a bit angrily.

"You can look now Trebel and can we please go now?" asked Harry not waiting for an answer as he walked outside of his room and waited patiently for the small house-elf to catch up.

"Sir is there a problem?" asked Trebel as the familiar fearful look came into Trebel's dark green eyes. Harry looked apologetic as he smiled reassuringly at the small house-elf who relaxed immediately at the small gesture.

"I am fine just a little depressed but that is all. Now if we could?" asked Harry as he gestured for Trebel to lead the way. Trebel nodded and started walking toward the stairs before leading his master down quickly and quietly. Silence reigned as Trebel led him past the entrance hall and over to two double doors made from glass. He looked inside of the doors and could see some shelves and tables and smiled happily at the comforting room.

"Thanks Trebel and if you could come in a few hours with some lunch, that would be most appreciated," said Harry as Trebel nodded happily before snapping his fingers and leaving with a crack. Harry took in a gulp of fresh air before opening the doors and walking in quietly. He stopped in the middle of the room to look at his surroundings.

Bookcases of books stood gracefully in front of him labeled at the top with titles such as *Defense Charms or Transfiguration Dueling*. He looked up and saw there was a second floor and looked around for a staircase. He soon found it and smiled lightly before finishing his look about. Dark red leather couches sat in the corners of the room and cherry wood tables stood proudly in the center. Black lounge chairs lay around in different places looking comfy.

"Well best get started as I could be here for a while," he muttered quietly to himself and set out toward a bookcase with a label deemed *Miscellaneous Books on Curses*. He started picking out random books and looking through the index not knowing exactly as to what he was looking for.

A couple of hours past by and he found nothing. He had looked through quite a few numbers of books all which turned out to be irrelevant. He heaved a sigh as he fell back lazily onto one of the red couches. His stomach growled loudly as he thought about some nice steaming food to eat. As if by magic a small crack was heard and Trebel appeared in front of him holding two trays of food.

"Trebel has come back with some food for you master and as I have not eaten yet," said Trebel slyly as he went over to a near by table and sat down placing the trays of food on the table carefully. Harry got up reluctantly, stretched and walked quickly over to the nice aroma smelling food.

"So has Master Harry found anything yet?" asked Trebel to break the silence set upon them.

"No I am not sure where to look, I need some old prophets," he muttered more to himself not really expecting Trebel to hear him. On the contrary Trebel heard him and squealed in excitement as he jumped up and down on his chair.

"If Master Harry eats all his food Trebel will show him where Masters keep all the prophets," said Trebel as he ate some mashed potato happily.

"Really? Thanks Trebel," exclaimed Harry as he quickly ate as he had been awaited some answers all day.

"But Master Harry must eat as you are too skinny," reprimanded Trebel as he shook a long pointed finger at Harry with a stern expression on his face. Harry nodded as he had food in his mouth; he swallowed and stuffed some more right back in.

They ate in silence one being too happy and the other too anxious to say a word. They both finished rather quickly and Trebel cleared the dishes away before jumping off his seat and landing on his bottom heavily. Trebel laughed at his predicament and Harry soon joined it a bit more reserved and softly. Harry offered his small hand to the small house-elf who gratefully took it.

“This way sir we must go up the stairs,” said Trebel as he held onto Harry’s hand and dragged him toward the staircase. The climbed the medium sized staircase slowly and quietly, silence had reigned once more upon the two. They soon reached the top and Harry was dragged toward a large muggle type filing cabinet.

“In this muggle contraption is Daily Prophets as far back as when it first started,” said Trebel as he gestured toward the ordinary looking cabinet. “You should be able to find whatever you are looking for Master in here,” Trebel added quietly as he snapped his fingers and left Harry with his mouth agape.

“That’s a lot of years!” Harry exclaimed as he looked at the small cabinet in wonder. He laughed as the thought of, “*Well that’s magic for yah,*” and opened the cabinet and pulled out the first Prophet it was from a few days ago. The title read “*Lightning Strikers Lose the Big One!*” Well if that is the headliner nothing must be going on here to worry to much about,” Harry said to himself as he put the Prophet back neatly. He closed the cabinet and opened up the second drawer and pulled out the first Prophet. This Prophet was from 1981, the title read, “*Longbottom Manner Attacked by You-Know-Who,*” Harry set the Prophet down before quickly grabbing the next one. It read, “*Neville Longbottom the-Boy-Who-Lived!*”

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Chapter 6: Secrets Unveiled and Pasts Remembered 2

He couldn't move, it was like his body had seized up and everything was moving but him. Time had stopped as his eyes stared at the heading, going over it until he had to blink. The paper dropped from his grasp as he slowly sat on the ground. He stared straight ahead thoughts zooming through his head faster than the speed of light.

How? That was the question that came replaying itself over in his head. How could Neville be the Boy-Who-Lived he had the scar not Neville. Or did he? Harry instinctively went to rub his scar, except all he felt was unblemished skin. His breathing started getting heavier as he jumped up and conjured a mirror. He stared horrified at his forehead as he moved his bangs out of the way. Slightly tanned skin stared challengingly back at him, his scar was not there anymore.

Suddenly he felt lonely, lonelier than he ever had before. He could feel no extra presence there or dark magic residue. The scar he had grown up with was no longer there, something was wrong and he realized that this just became serious. Now as he thought about, the last thing he remembered was lying down by the lake and wishing he had a different life and happily wished for his destiny to go away. It all clicked this was no joke; the world he had grown up in and sacrificed his childhood for was gone. *His* world had left him and sent him to a world where Voldemort never came after him.

He banished the mirror away before sitting down back by the newspaper that had just ruined his life, or did it? Could he finally have the normal life that he always wanted? He was young again, couldn't he just sit back and let someone else's life be ruined? The truth in the matter is he knew he couldn't he was raised as a saving people person, he could try yes but the Neville he new would die of fright by the simple task. He could never let him do that but Neville had the scar now didn't he? So who was Harry to say what Neville could and could not do?

All he could do was wait for the events he knew would come as he had come to the conclusion that not much else had changed. He would make sure know one would die but nothing else, he would work hard and get a regular job, like a regular person. Deep down

though he knew he could never be normal, so he would be careful with his actions. The sidelines, he would work behind the sidelines letting nobody find out his plans. Last time he had lost everything to Voldemort, this time he knew everything that Voldemort would do.

A chuckle resounding from the mouth of the eleven year old amusedly. All this time all he had to do was wish and he could have gotten anything he ever wanted. The Ginny wouldn't have died...wait Ginny is still alive and Dumbledore. He smiled when a small tear came down his face happily at that single thought.

Harry stood and then realized he had just one problem with his plan. He was short to put it simply and weak. He would have to fix that because strength meant power, his hair would have to change too. He had figured out if it was longer then it was less messy because it got weighed down.

"Well mine as well get started now," muttered Harry to himself before walking out of the room with the urge to go find his parents. *His* parents that sounded like heaven to his ears, a bright smile came to his face as he heard humming coming from the Living Room.

His mom was in the kitchen humming a song he didn't know as she twirled her wand. She was knitting a scarf or that is what it looked like. She didn't notice Harry come in and kept on humming cheerfully. Harry smiled before going to sit next her on the couch happily.

"Hey um...mum," murmured Harry uncertain of the reaction he would get. Lily jumped at being addressed as she swore she didn't hear anyone come in. She smiled surprised at her son who usually went outside or stayed up in his room during the day.

"Hey Harry do you need something?" asked Lily with a small smile on her face. Harry shook his head with his eyebrows furrowed confusedly. "Are you hungry?" asked Lily again but was once more surprised at the shake of his head. "Well then what do you want?" asked Lily confusedly as she tried to think of something that she may have forgot to do, but Harry didn't look mad.

"Well I just want to watch you," Harry muttered with a small smile. He couldn't help it his mum looked wonderful just sitting there with a

confused expression. Lily's eyebrows flew up at the comment; she shook her head to clear her thoughts.

"I am sorry what?" asked Lily once more as she could have sworn her son that never liked talking to her, actually wanted to just watch her.

"I want to watch you mum is that alright because if it isn't I wont I just-" started Harry worriedly. His mum looked so surprised at him he couldn't help but mumble at his mum looked at him suspiciously before nodding slowly.

"No its fine Harry you can watch me," said Lily slowly as if she was talking to a mental patient. Harry smile grew as he lay back against the couch and put his feet up and tucked them neatly beneath his bottom.

"So what are we doing today?" asked Harry as smiled widely at his mother. Lily looked up from her needle and at Harry slowly before shaking her head.

"Nothing just staying at home, Remus and Sirius may be coming over later though," answered Lily truthfully as she set down her knitting. "Cyzelena was going to feed the Pegasus's outside and I just put Zykye down for a nap earlier," continued Lily as she put her hair up in a high ponytail. "Rico will be home soon from the Weasley's as he spent the weekend there with Jenny," added Lily thoughtfully as she too put her legs up and beneath her in a swift motion.

"Oh...yes Rico and Jenny," replied Harry awkwardly as he remembered back toward the painting of his family. Rico must have been the seven year old boy but who was this Jenny? Last time he remembered the only girl Weasley was Ginny, though that was in *his* time.

"So what do you want for dinner tonight dear?" asked Lily breaking Harry out of his thoughts. Harry blushed at being cut off guard before furrowing his eyebrows in thought.

"Um whatever you want is fine," murmured Harry softly as he heard a loud cry from the room next to him. He glanced behind him warily and noticed an open door before turning back toward his mother who

looked worried. "May I get him?" asked Harry tentatively as he looked back longingly at the open door.

"Well if you really want to dear," answered Lily with a small proud smile on her face as she looked down at her eldest. Harry's face brightened before he hugged his mother and took off toward the door.

Harry opened the door further before walking in and shouting it quietly behind him. He smiled as he saw a crib in the corner of the room. The room was a light blue with animated animal crawling on the ceiling. Harry walked over to the wailing baby and looked down upon his brother.

"Hush Zykye," whispered Harry as he smiled lovingly down at his brother. The brother he had never had in *his* world. He picked up the small child and cradled him to his chest protectively. The skin of his brother felt like petals in the morning with dew clung to them. Zykye sighed contently and settled down into his brothers arms. Harry rocked him back and forth before sitting down on a rocking chair.

He looked down into his brothers closed eyes and let a few tears escape his emeralds. He sniffled as he thought about this life, the life he could have had, the life he now had. He had a family who loved him and everyone was alive. He couldn't help but laugh as a memory of when he had first met Ron and Hermione.

He neither noticed nor took the time to care that he was being watched as he sobbed quietly. Lily shut the door silently before walking off to find James to talk about Harry. She couldn't believe that her Harry was crying and she hadn't seen him cry since he was a baby. He looked so innocent holding Zykye as he looked down at him genuinely.

The Harry who she raised was mean and disrespectful to everyone he met. Worst then that, Albus Dumbledore had come to their house earlier that year announcing that Harry couldn't go to Hogwarts. He told her and James that Harry was a squib, they still hadn't told Harry.

She reached James's office and knocked quietly before entering. He was sitting down at his desk looking over some paperwork but looked up as he heard a knock. James smiled as he saw his wife and

motioned for her to come and sit down. Lily smiled as she sat down by her husband with a resident sigh.

“James it’s about Harry,” muttered Lily as she brushed her robes off gently. James looked worried before taking off his glasses and pinching the bridge of his nose tiredly.

“What did he do now?” asked James as he replaced his glasses. He looked back up at Lily who was glaring at him disappointedly.

“Why must you always assume the worst?” asked Lily rhetorically as sighed once more before leaning back in her chair and putting her feet into James’s lap.

“Well if it isn’t bad then what is it?” asked James curiously as he took off Lily’s shoes and started rubbing her feet.

“He doesn’t seem different to you?” replied Lily with her eyebrows furrowed as she inwardly relaxed as her stress left her feet.

“Well a bit calmer and more cooperative,” James said absently as he gazed at his wife questionably. “Except when he attacked Peter,” added James with a slight chuckle at the image of his son attacking his friend.

“That wasn’t funny James,” reprimanded Lily but she had a small twinkle in her green eyes. “No what I mean is he just doesn’t seem like Harry,” whispered Lily with a sad note in her voice. She then told James about what she had seen in Zykye’s nap room and about her conversation with Harry before then.

“Well maybe he has finally grown up,” suggested James as he put Lily’s shoes back on and stood up. “Come on Rico should be home in a minute,” said James as he picked up Lily who was laughing as James tickled her unmerciful.

James took her out of his study and back down the hall which echoed with her laughter. He finally stopped tickling her and set her down on the ground when they reached the living room again. Harry was sitting down on the couch reading a book when they walked in.

“Harry there you are, how about we go and play some quidditch?” asked James with a large smile plastered on his face. Harry set down his book before walking over to James quietly and looked up into his father’s hazel eyes.

“That would be great dad,” said Harry as he smiled as well. James looked relieved and grabbed Harry’s shoulder and started walking when he noticed Harry wasn’t. “But let’s wait first for Rico to get home so he can play too,” added Harry as his father’s questioning gaze. James and Lily looked surprised at the comment but nodded nonetheless.

“He will be flooing over so let’s go wait in the Floo Room shall we?” asked James as he offered his arms to his son and wife who laughed but accepted. They walked to the Floo Room in a comfortable silence and sat down on some black leather couches by the large stone fireplace. It was a few minutes before the fire turned from a dark orange to a bright green and out came a tall seven year old boy.

Rico had shaggy, dark red hair that hung loosely in his emerald green eyes that sparkled with mischief. He was lean and had a large smile on his face as he shook the soot from his hair. His skin was tanned and he was just south of five foot tall.

“Rico did you have a good time with Jenny?” asked his mother as she rushed over to give the boy a hug.

“Boy did I mum, Jenny and I went running around the meadows!” exclaimed Rico excitedly as he set back a black duffle bag and ran into his father’s open arms.

“Just you and Jenny eh?” teased James with a smile on his slightly wrinkle face. Rico blushed but pushed his dad amusedly.

“Oh shut up dad,” laughed Rico. “Where are Cyzelena and Zykye?” asked Rico as he had yet to notice Harry who was standing quietly behind him.

“You know Cyzelena she is running with the Pegasus and Zykye is down for a nap,” responded Lily with a small laugh at the thought.

“Oh well I better go see her,” said Rico as he turned around but stopped as he came face to face with his older brother. Rico backed away fearfully before going over to his father and hiding behind him. “Oh didn’t s-see y-you t-there H-Harry,” said Rico nervously as he smiled lightly at his brother.

“Are you okay?” asked Harry worriedly as he walked slowly over to his younger brother and raised his head to check his head. But before he could touch him, Rico jumped back as if he were burned.

“Don’t come near me!” yelled Rico courageously as he walked over and picked up his backpack. He was getting ready to walk out of the door when he stopped at the sound of his brother’s worried voice.

“Why?” asked Harry dejectedly as he looked down at his feet not trusting his eyes at the moment. He was afraid of the answer he would receive but looked back up just in time to hear Rico answer.

“Because last time you got near me,” started Rico sadly as he took a deep breath. “You tried to kill me,” Rico finished as he looked once more at his brother before walking out of the room.

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AN: There is the new chapter, I hope you all like it! I am so happy yet so sorry that I didn't get this chapter up sooner. I have been really busy with my schooling and all but I promise the next chapter will be up sooner then this one was. I was so happy at all the reviews I received from this story. I just want to thank all of you who did read and who answered my question. Now to my faithful reviewers!

Imill123- Thanks we should see some more of Trebel soon enough!
Hope you like the new chapter and sorry for the wait!

Pink Harry- Interesting name and I have to agree, I love Trebel!
Thanks for reviewing and hope you like the new chapter!

Intromit- I am super glad that you are enjoying the story and hope you like the new chapter!

80286- Thanks for answering my question and I didn't want to make Trebel stupid because house-elves in general aren't stupid they just love work! I love this plot too and that is why I decided to right one of my own! I hope you like the new chapter and I am sorry for taking so long to update.

Inu-Angel Z- Thanks for reviewing and I am glad you like my story! I know that people like longer chapters but I have a hard time sitting down and writing a whole chapter down at once. That is what I have to do, I can't write some now and some later I have to write the whole thing now or it doesn't get written at all. But I will try to make the chapters longer just for you!

AnnF- They do but they haven't really mentioned anything yet and Harry hasn't really been around them that much. But now in this chapter he is and they will confront him about it soon! Hope you like the new chapter!

Dragons Cry- Yes Trebel is weird but that is why I like him so much! Thanks I had fun with the last chapter and this one as well. I have to ask what is BDW? I am sorry but it has been bugging me because I couldn't figure it out! Hope you like the new chapter and sorry it took so long to get out!

Ranma Hibicki- Yes in a way it does seem that way but you will get the gist of what this Harry was like in the upcoming chapters!

YumiFukuShima- He has something but you probably won't find out why he lived until much later on in the story! Honestly I don't know how I will have Neville act at the moment but I have some ideas brewing in this crazy head of mine! I am really glad you like my story and hope you like the new chapter!

Well guys I have to go because I am tired but I will hopefully see you soon. If not this week then probably next week because I am going hunting this weekend so I will be busy... But I promise I will get you guys a chapter, just because I love you guys so much! Oh wait the new question of the week!

Chapter 6: Breakdowns

His stared silently at the door that Rico had closed softly as he walked away from the situation...away from Harry. Even know he couldn't remember exactly what had happened he still felt responsible. He bit his lip uncertain as he turned back toward his mum and dad who were looking sadly at him. He looked questionably at them as if asking for confirmation and turned away silently as he received two nods.

Harry put his hands in his pockets as he took a deep breath and walked out of the room slowly. He was going to figure out exactly what had happened and try to fix the problem. Harry opened the door and walked out slowly toward the living room to sit down and think for a second in silence.

He had to talk to Rico but he didn't know where to find him. All he could think about was that one word, kill. The word that had ruined his old life, the word he hoped wouldn't ruin his new one. To fix his problem he needed to find Rico and to find him he needed Trebel.

"Trebel," Harry whispered quietly knowing that Trebel had heard by the crack that issued soon after.

"What may Trebel do for Harry sir?" asked Trebel as he looked at his master happily. Harry looked up at the house-elf sadly before taking another deep breath and letting it out slowly.

"I need you to show me to Rico's bedroom if you could," replied Harry as he stood up. Trebel looked inquiringly at him which he smiled sadly but stayed silent.

"Trebel is not sure that is such a good idea Master Harry," said Trebel as he bowed his head in shame for somewhat refusing his master's command.

"I know but I need to talk to him Trebel," Harry said as he sighed and sat down reluctantly as he put his head into his hands.

"Trebel doesn't quite understand sir," murmured Trebel confusedly as he looked at his master uncertain of Harry's actions.

"Well that makes two of us," snapped Harry bitterly as he glared at the house-elf who squeaked and closed his eyes.

"Sorry Master I won't do it again, I will punish myself," spoke Trebel rapidly as he started twisting his ears. Harry stared surprised at the house-elf and his own anger which had been building up since he had arrived. He sighed once more as he banged his head against the table.

"No Trebel it's my fault I shouldn't have lost my temper," Harry said miserably as he picked his head up from the table. "It's just I have had a lot of problems these last few days and now I have another one," muttered Harry more to himself than to Trebel who was listening sadly.

"Yes well I will show you to Mister Rico's room," announced Trebel proudly as he stuck out his chest with newfound confidence. Harry smiled earnestly as he jumped up off the couch and picked the surprised house-elf and spun him around.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," Harry muttered over and over into Trebel's large pointed ears. He set down the small house-elf and dusted off his robes subconsciously.

"I am only here to serve sir, follow Trebel if you would," responded Trebel quietly as he weaved himself out of the living room. Harry followed silently as he contemplated Trebel's words. Was Hermione right along did Trebel and all other house-elves only here to serve? Or could there be some other reason as to why they were brought here if not to just help wizards? Harry didn't know but he wanted to find, he had to find out for Trebel.

"Trebel is wondering sir if you are going to be eating with the Mistress and Master tonight with Mister Black and Mister Lupin?" asked Trebel as they climbed the staircase.

"You know what Trebel I think I will," answered Harry with a small smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh the Mistress shall be most excited!" squeaked Trebel as he came to the landing in the stairs and waited for Harry to reach it as well.

Harry nodded slowly before biting his lip nervously and asking Trebel a question.

“Why would she be excited?” asked Harry attentively almost afraid to even ask such a question because of fear of the answer. Trebel shook his head sadly as he look down to his dirty booties.

“Master Harry hasn’t had dinner with the family since he was seven years,” answered Trebel with a small glance up to Harry who was nodding almost expectantly.

“Oh,” he murmured with a guilty look on his face as he looked away from Trebel with a sigh. “I wasn’t a nice person was I Trebel?” asked Harry already knowing the answer as he looked ashamedly down at his feet.

“No sir you weren’t,” whispered Trebel with a sad shake of his head before snapping his fingers and disappearing with a pop. Harry looked up surprised at the sound and noticed he was standing in front of a dark red door.

Harry took a deep breath before he knocked softly on the door. A quiet muffled go away was all he heard before sighing once more and running his hand through his hair. He closed his eyes and bit his lip again before opening his eyes and nodding his head to himself. Harry slowly reached for the golden doorknob and twisted it slowly before pushing the door open gently.

He walked into a dark red painted room with a golden bed. Dark mahogany furniture was spread about the room and a large muggle fish tank sat by one wall with peculiar looking fish. There was a door that obviously led to a bathroom on one side and a door to a closet on the other. A red fir rug lay across the golden linoleum floor and a large window with a seat stood on the back wall. He noticed a small lump under the comforter on the bed and noticed the odd curled up shape it was in.

“Rico could I maybe talk to you?” asked Harry nervously as he wriggled his thumbs and bit his lip. A small grunt was all he got in return so he went and sat down on the bed before speaking once more.

“Rico I know I am bad person and that I am not the best brother,” started Harry sadly. “But I want to be,” Harry finished in nothing more than a whisper. Not really expecting a whisper he put his head back into his hands. A small shuffle was heard and he looked up to see his brother looking at him suspiciously.

“You do?” asked Rico with a slightest bit of hope in his voice. Harry nodded not really trusting his voice at the moment. “I thought I was just a small and pathetic failure?” asked Rico as he looked down into his hands.

“You don’t look like a failure to me, you look like my brother who I love,” answered Harry truthfully with a small smile gracing his features. Rico still looked a bit unsure but nodded happily as he sat all the way up and folded his feet beneath him.

“Is this a prank?” asked Rico as his smile faded into a glare. Harry furrowed his eyebrows as he shook his head hesitantly.

“Umm c-could y-you, well I w-wanted to k-know if you umm could tell me about that a-accident,” stuttered Harry looking into his brother eyes that he now noticed had speckles of brown in them. Rico looked away almost immediately with a stubborn look in his eyes and a glare plastered to his face.

“No,” replied Rico stubbornly as he suddenly found the red rug quite interesting. Harry looked hurt but nodded his head in acceptance.

“Well you don’t have to I just wanted to know and I-” mumbled Harry apologetically but before he could finish Rico said something.

“You really want to know?” Rico asked so quietly that Harry had to strain to here exactly what he had said. Harry nodded as he kicked off his shoes and sat down on Rico’s bed and looked back at Rico attentively.

“Well it all started when we were outside,” started Rico with a large breath.

Flashback:

Rico was outside playing with Jenny who had come over his house earlier. Jenny was turning eight soon and had bright red hair with small sparkling blue eyes. They were watching Cyzelena who was running with the Pegasus when Rico heard a door shut loudly. He and Jenny looked up alertly and stood up at the sight of his older brother.

"Hey Rico, playing with the Weasley girl again?" asked Harry disgustedly as he sneered at Jenny who returned the gesture. Rico nodded angrily as he tried to stay calm because he knew his brother was baiting him. "What have I told you?" asked Harry with a glare and an arrogant tone in his voice.

"That the Weasley's are trash and always will be trash," answered Rico with a small sigh and turned away from the hurt gaze Jenny was sending him. Harry smiled maliciously as he sneered back at the girl and let out a small, cold chuckle. "But your wrong, the Weasley's are better then you!" exclaimed Rico with a shake of his fist. Jenny looked up surprisingly and smiled shyly at Rico who winked at her.

"What did you say?" asked Harry angrily as he looked down at his brother and took the few steps that were separating him and Rico.

"You heard me or are you deaf?" asked Rico sarcastically as he glared back at his older brother.

"Why you little twit, you will pay for that!" yelled Harry as he pushed the boy to the ground roughly. Rico took in a large breath and realized that this time he had gone too far. Harry picked up the slender boy easily and hoisted him over his shoulder as he pushed down the small girl to the floor and laughed as she sat there crying.

Harry laughed as he walked along whistling through his brother's cries and pleas to put him down. Harry just ignored Rico as he walked toward a large lake and smiled evilly before getting Rico into his arms and off his shoulders so he could see what was about to happen.

"This is what happens when you insult *me*," said Harry as he let go another malicious chuckle. Rico looked up and rubbed his eyes

questionably before looking at the water fearfully and starting in another fit of cries.

"No please Harry," begged the small boy as he hung on to Harry for dear life. Harry just sneered disgustedly at the boy before tilting Rico's chin toward him.

"You're not my brother but a failure toward the Potter name," replied Harry with a tight lipped glare. Then he threw Rico into the deep lake for him to get out by himself. Only problem was, Rico couldn't swim.

End Flashback:

"Jenny had left to get mum soon after and found you sitting down by a nearby tree whistling to yourself," whispered Rico with an uncontrollable shiver running through his body.

"What happened next?" asked Harry hesitantly with small tears rolling down his pale cheeks.

"Mum seen the splashing about a minute after you had through me in, I was giving up hope and started sinking," Rico said before taking another deep breath and continuing. "It another few minutes before dad could get me out and by then I was unconscious and not breathing. Dad did that popping thing and took me to St. Mungo's where they revived me," finished Rico as he started to sob quietly and laid back down against his pillows. "I almost died and you were still back at the manor whistling cheerfully to yourself and laughing every other moment," added Rico as he sniffed and covered him self with the large blanket.

Harry was lost for words as he stared at his brother, the brother he never had and almost killed. During that time all his other self could do was laugh and whistle? Was he like this in reality? He lied down next to his brother and protectively put his arm around the boy's small waist. Rico stiffened at first but soon relaxed as Harry brushed the boy's red hair out of his closed eyes.

"Don't worry Rico I won't you fail again," he murmured more to himself then to the sleeping Rico. Harry murmured that over and over until oddly he was whistling a soft tune that sounded kind of familiar.

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Imill123- Yup that is what Dumbledore told them and I cannot tell you what they are going to say when they figure out he is not which will be soon that I can promise you! Who is to say there wasn't any tests or spells might I add done to Harry I never did say but all will be revealed about Harry's supposed Squibbity, I just made that up! Harry

will not get the Holly and a Phoenix feather wand but he will get a powerful wand. I am not saying how powerful or if it is more powerful than the Holly but I will say Neville will maybe get the Holly wand and may not. Hope you like the new chapter and keep the questions coming!

Shadowed Rains- Yah they are and that will only increase as they spend more time with this Harry. There will be more Lily and James in the next chapter as well as Remus and Sirius. Yah it will take a while before people get used to the new Harry but the scars will never heal from the old Harry. There is a Ginny and a Jenny one is about ten and the other just turned eight. Actually the height is quite possible and I didn't say he was five foot tall I said around there but he is really about 4'10 and when I was seven I was five foot but I am rather tall for my age and so is he! Plus he is about to turn eight in a week or so I believe! Sorry if I came off rude but I just wanted you to know and couldn't find another way to word it. Don't worry I feel the same way but nobody will no for awhile because my cold heart feels that it is necessary for Harry to keep it in so something will grow! Thanks and I hope you like the chapter!

Junky- Yes he still has all his old skills and abilities but his physical and magical abilities he will have to improve as the other Harry was a squib and his body needs to adjust. So Harry will be having an extra hard summer trying to get his magical levels up some more to an adequate level. Where parseltongue is concerned you will just have to wait and see if he has it but you will not have to wait that long, I can tell you that much. I am a supporter off Harry being the hero as well so don't worry he will be someday or another! Hope you like the new chapter and thanks for answering my question and all!

Intromit- Glad you like the Lily and James part and hope you like the new chapter as well!

DebsTheSnapeFanNow- Hope I got your name right but thanks for reviewing and hope this chapter is not vague for you and answers some of your questions. Hope you like the new chapter and thanks for reviewing!

Gaul1- Um thanks I think, hope you like this chapter as well!

AlwaysSariyana- Thanks for reviewing and hope you like the new chapter! Don't worry they will be more suspicious but right now they are barely spending time with him a confrontation may be in the next chapter but if not it will be in the one after for sure!

Inu-Angel Z- Thanks it means a lot to me that you think I did a good job on James and Lily. Yah I knew it would be but it was a necessary thing for the plot line. I am glad you like the last chapter and hope you like this one as well!

Dragon's Cry- So do I that is was I decided to write one. Usually if I get set on a certain plot I make my own story up about it using my own ideas and stuff so yeah that is how this story has come to be! Yes he is very mysterious and people will notice that and the mysteriousness will grow with him! Lily and James are cute together and you will get more of them in the next chapter along with Remus and Sirius! It is fine I was just wondering anyways I hope you like the new chapter

Petites Sorceries- Or should I say small witches? Anyways I would prefer it if you didn't used French but you can do it if you don't know English. I am glad that you like the chapter and I understand what you are saying about the questions about the change in Harry but Lily and James have not been around our Harry to notice a very large change but they will! Did you mean to call me crazy or him well I guess I am a bit crazy sometimes! I am a girl you can see that in my profile if you would like! I don't understand that sentence but Harry is not going to be really super but he is going to be strong that I can tell you. I know that Harry is the boy who lived but in my story he switches his destiny for an even harder and better one. I never said that his connection to Voldemort was gone I just said it had disappeared but all will be revealed soon enough! Hope you like the new chapter and thanks for reviewing!

R-Kruelle- Thanks I think its pretty good myself! Thanks for reviewing and I hope you like the new chapter!

YumiFukushima- It's all right but you should really go back and read why he is mad because it is a very big reason. You need to know why to understand this chapter so if you still haven't figured out why then

you should! Yes I know the names are a bit weird but once again it all has to do with the plot lines a junk like that! Hope you like the new chapter and thanks for reviewing!

DDwelling- Wow thanks nobody has ever been that enthusiastic about my story and I really enjoy it so thank you! Don't fret he can do magic and they will find out very soon! Hope you like the new chapter and thanks for reviewing!

NSW- Thanks and hope you like the new chapter!

AzureSky123- I Happened to think so too! Well thanks for reviewing!

VFPC- Well here is your update and hope you like it and aren't disappointed at all. Thanks fore reviewing and hope to see you soon!

Well that was a lot of reviewers and I loved every moment of it! But now I am tired and want to go to bed because I don't have school tomorrow and am really glad about it! But I cannot forget to ask my weekly question and hope that you all answer it! Well here it goes and please answer it if you can!

Chapter 7: Dinner and Riddle

Harry awoke at once to the shaking that was being issued to his shoulder by someone and laid there a minute to remember all that had happened. Memories of Rico and the accident ran through his mind and he could not help but groan involuntarily. He muttered to whoever was shaking him to bugger off but the shaker persisted.

"Fine, I'm up," Harry muttered before throwing his legs over the edge of the bed and sliding off. Harry then took notice that Rico was no longer next to him and Trebel had been the one to awaken him.

"Master Harry, Trebel was just coming to wake young Harry for dinner tonight with Mister Black and Lupin," explained Trebel with a ghostly smile on his brownish face.

"Oh what time is it?" asked Harry as he noticed that Rico had not one clock in his large room.

"Almost 6:30 sir and Mister Black and Lupin shall be arriving at 7:00," told the small house-elf as he left with a small snap of his fingers.

Harry stood there for a moment before putting his shoes back on from where he had slipped them off. After, he quickly left Rico's room and headed toward his own to get ready for the dinner party that was for sure going to be a treat. There was one problem; Harry had not a clue as to where to go, before he was so worrisome that he had not paid an ounce of attention to Trebel or the route they had taken.

"Um Trebel," Harry called out a bit embarrassed about not remembering the way around his own house. The house-elf appeared with a small smile and a shake of his tiny head. Without a word, muttered Trebel took hold of Harry's thin arm and transported Harry straight into his room.

"Thanks Trebel you're the best," Harry smiled earnestly at the blushing house-elf before another snap was heard and the elf was gone. "Wish he would stop doing that," Harry muttered and in response, he could have sworn he heard a light high-pitched chuckle.

He waived it off and set about the task of choosing some suitable clothes for dinner. Harry walked into his closet and looked first toward his not so colorful shirt section. It looked like his old self quite liked dark clothes, which he was partial to as well. Black, dark blue, brown and a few dark green shirts with emblems were hung loosely about next to some sweatshirts.

Harry then turned toward another part of his closet, which was filled with pants on hangers from left to right. Jeans of blue and black and kakis of tan, blue and black and a weird dark green one. He smiled slightly at the weird color, which oddly reminded him of his old headmaster.

Under the clothes that hung from above, there were shoes of all kind. A pair of black tennis shoes and a pair of white. A pair of black and white dress up shoes and a pair of quidditch shoes. There was also a pair of black slippers that looked as if they had never been worn before.

He picked out a pair of black kakis and a white button up shirt with a small dragon emblem on the left chest. He picked out a pair of white shiny dress up shoes and walked out of his closet to get dressed.

Harry finished buttoning up his shirt and went toward his dresser that held what seemed to be some kind of manly jewelry box. He opened it hesitantly and raised his eyebrows at the sparkling jewelry in the box. Watches of gold and silver but a black colored one caught his eye. He put that one and closed the jewelry box up; he did not want to be all showy.

Harry took in a deep breath before walking into the bathroom to try to tackle his flop of hair. His reflection showed a young boy with beautiful green eyes that held some sort of hidden darkness and messy black hair. His pale skin shown like moonlight in the darkness.

He still could not get used to the whole being young again but he would fix it soon enough, starting tomorrow. However, he would not dwell on it tonight as he had a dinner to attend to. He brushed his hair down with a brush and gel and let the front stick up a bit. He decided at the last moment that he did not like that so, instead he ran his hand through his hair, successfully messing his hair up once more.

Satisfied he switched off the light and walked from the bathroom and out of his room. He walked out through the hallway and was not paying attention when he suddenly felt a weight on the back of his legs. Harry turned around and looked down to find a small ball of black fluff. It was a small cat thing and it stuck firmly to his legs in a possessive sort of way.

“Trebel!” Harry yelled for his elf, his voice surprised coming out rather high. Trebel appeared at once with worried expression but it soon changed to understand meant as he too saw the black ball. “What is this, this thing?” asked Harry his voice a bit calmer then before.

“That is your pet,” Trebel said with a small laugh, he elaborated though when Harry glared at him. “His name is Riddle and he is a baby Nundu, you found him a month ago in the forest, his mother had abandoned him. It seems as though he has grown rather fond of you, rather unusual though as Nundu’s usually are aggressive and territorial,” remarked Trebel as he once more left before he was excused.

Harry calmed himself down before he proceeded to look down once more. He did not really know what to do in this kind of situation, the only pet he had was Hedwig who was murdered in his sixth year. In addition, Hedwig was not really the most affectionate creature, just a nip or two of appreciation.

“Um Riddle,” Harry said as he cleared his throat and shook his leg a bit. The creature looked up as he got off Harry’s leg. Dark green eyes that shown like the forest stared into eyes that shown like freshly cut emeralds. Harry bent down, wrapped his arms around the small creature, and stood back up. The creature was no bigger then a slipper and Harry stared as an unusual white tongue licked his hand affectionately.

With a smile he set Riddle down, not a name he would of chose but it fitted the Nundu well. He would have to look up this breed of creature, as magical creatures had not been his strong suit. He carried the cat down the stairs and into the kitchen where his mom was busy cooking away with the woman he had met at Grimmauld place. Roma

was her name if he remembered correctly and her and his mom seemed to be quite the friends.

"Hello dear, oh I see you have Riddle," said Lily with a strained smile, it seemed as though she did not like the green-eyed cat. By the way Riddle was hissing, it seemed the feeling was mutual.

"Yes I though he may be hungry so I was going to feed him," answered Harry as he looked inside the refrigerator for something for the hissing cat.

"His bottle thing is on the lower shelf dear," shouted Lily as she went to set the table. Harry looked down at the bottom and grabbed the large bottle; almost at once, another one took its place. Harry shrugged it off as magic and went to sit in the living room. His sister was in there humming to herself as she tried to unsuccessfully braid her hair into two French braids.

Harry sat the bottle down on the table and placed Riddle onto the couch before beckoning the small girl over. He lifted her onto his lap and undid her poor attempts at braids. He then proceeded to braid her hair and tie them at the bottom. He used to do Ginny's hair for her but he did not want to think about her at the moment.

"There you go Cyzelena," announced Harry as he set the girl back down on the floor. Harry then picked Riddle back up and grabbed the bottle from up top the table. He cradled the cat in his arms and gently stuck the bottle in the cat's open mouth.

"Thanks Harry!" exclaimed the little girl as she ran to go show her mother her new braids. Harry smiled sadly, as he stroked Riddle's fluffy hair; the cat did not seem that bad after all. The bottle was soon finished and Harry then sat the cat up and looked confusedly what to do next. He gently patted Riddle's back trying to burp him like a baby; it seemed to work because he received a small burp.

"Do you need some more milk?" asked Harry to the cat who just stared back at him innocently. Harry took that as a no and set the cat down on the floor. Just as he was about to walk into the kitchen, his brother walked in.

"Time to eat Harry," came Rico's voice before he ran back to the dining room. Harry shook his head amusedly and went toward the kitchen. Riddle followed him obediently staying to the right of him. The cat even at a young age held a predatory look and a graceful walk. He was silent and his ears pricked up at any noise.

Into the dining room, he walked and stopped to observe the table. His father was at the front of one side and was laughing at some joke Sirius had said from the other end. His mom and Roma sat beside one another; Rico sat across from his mom and next to Jake who was Sirius's kid. Cyzelena was next to James and Zykye was on the other side of Sirius. The only seat open was across from Remus next to Roma, he quickly sat down and felt Riddle jump into his lap and lay down.

"Ah Harry how are you?" asked Remus gently with a tired smile. A full moon was probably approaching, not that he was to know that of course.

"Fine thanks," he answered with a nod as he put a little bit of everything on his plate. To be honest he was not really hungry, he just wanted to have an excuse to spend more time with his whole family.

"Is Draco still coming over tomorrow dear?" asked Lily as she finished her conversation with Sirius who was smirking victoriously. Harry nearly spit out his food and the name of his old enemy. He did not know what to say so he said the first thing that came to his mind.

"Who?" Unfortunately, it was not the most intelligent thing to say. Lily seemed to think he was joking though because she chuckled.

"I will just give Narcissa a fire call later," dismissed Lily with a wink as she turned to talk about something in the ministry with Roma.

He was friends with Malfoy. How could he be friends with Malfoy? Well they were kind of a like, well Malfoy and his old-self were. However, who knows maybe Malfoy was not so bad after all, but he doubted it. He finished eating and set his fork down; he absently started rubbing Riddle's chin.

"So Harry what are you going to do this year, now that your not going to Hogwarts?" asked Sirius from down the table. James made some weird sort of gesture but it seemed Sirius did not understand. He was not going to Hogwarts, then where else would he be going?

"I'm not going to Hogwarts?" asked Harry his voice as innocent as the day he was born.

"Of course you are Harry, don't know what this bloke is talking about," said James nervously as he strained a smile at his eldest son.

"It won't so any good to lie to him James, it is time to tell him the truth," whispered Lily but it was silent so everyone could hear exactly what she said.

"Tell me what?" asked Harry with a glare at his father who tried to ignore it and started to whistle innocently.

"Harry you're a squib," said Sirius bluntly, Lily glared at the man but nodded slowly at Harry. He was not a squib, well he did not think he was a squib and he told them that.

"I am not!" Harry yelled in outrage as he stood up, knocking the sleeping Riddle out of his lap. A hiss was heard from beneath the table; Harry picked up the angry kitty and quieted him.

"Harry you have never shown any sign of magic, Albus told us a couple of months ago that you were indeed a squib," answered Lily sadly but she was telling the truth and it broke her heart to do so.

"I'm not and I will prove it to you," said Harry as he set Riddle down on the table, where he stood proudly, hissing at all of the other guests. Harry put his hand out toward his dad who looked confused at just what Harry wanted. "You wand please," Harry said, he would not reveal that he could do wandless magic, they would not understand.

"Harry I don't think that this is such a good idea," voiced Roma but nobody was listening as they watched James hand over his wand to his son. Harry grasped the wand but he did not feel the connection that he did with his wand, this was expected, as he was not compatible with his father's wand.

“Wingardium Leviosa,” Harry whispered, he chose a first year spell because a higher spell would make them even more suspicious of him then they already were. He watched the glass of wine slowly hover up and inwardly cheered at the mask of surprise on every ones face. “Told you I wasn’t a squib,” said Harry as he walked picked up Riddle and walked out of the dining room. He was going to go to his room but he decided to go and researched about Riddle, as he felt like reading at the moment.

He opened the doors to the library and walked in. He did not really nowhere to start but first he had to get Riddle situated. First, he set the cat down on the ground; in return, the cat meowed sadly at him.

“Trebel,” Harry once more called, he felt somewhat bad for always calling the elf but Riddle was a handful.

“What kind Trebel do for Master Harry?” asked Treble as he bowed gracelessly, his pointed nose touching the floor.

“If you have the time could you bring some milk for Riddle but first could you show me where some books would be on Nundu’s?” asked Harry with a small smile at Trebel who nodded and with a snap of his fingers, milk appeared in a bowl for Riddle. The small cat padded over to the bowl and started licking it up.

“Follow me sir,” said Trebel as he gesture with his hand for Harry to follow. Harry walked on after Trebel who led him over to the right side of the library on the first floor. Down a row of bookcases and all the way to the end Trebel led, him He waited as Trebel picked out a few books for him. “Here these should be of some help, call me if you need anything else sir,” added Trebel as he handed the books over to Harry and with a snap left Harry standing there, struggling to hold all the books.

“Definitely starting a workout tomorrow,” Harry said to himself as he walked back to his table. All the milk in the bowl was gone and Riddle was sitting down waiting for Harry to come back. Harry sat down in a chair and waited for Riddle to jump into his lap before looking at the titles of books.

Magical Cats of the Wizarding World by Linda Casita. Well that sounded like it held some kind of information about Riddle in it. He opened the tome and went passed a few pages to the index. *Griffins 1-37, Kneasles 37-68, Sphinxes 69-94, Nundu's 95-124*. It seemed as though there was only four kinds of magical cats in the wizard world.

Harry turned to page 95, which held a whole statistic type page with a drawn out picture of a Nundu. The Picture looked fierce and the black cut seemed to be glaring at him as it pounced around the page. Harry read the first few paragraphs with a keen interest in the subject.

Nundu's are sorely misunderstood creatures that prowl the forests in the night. They are classified as extremely dangerous creatures but they are not illegal due to nobody actually having one. They are born the size of a snitch with their eyes open. The forest green eyes that can see everything and large ears that can hear every sound. Born with fluffy hair it smoothes down as they grow to adulthood. It takes only four months to reach adulthood as the Nundu grows at an alarming rate, Master of the subjects debate about the subject, some say they grow so fast because they are hunted by other creatures, due to their small size. Baby Nundu's drink their mother's milk until two months of age and then the mother introduces them to meat, usually stags and snakes.

At four months, they will stand at roughly two and a half feet at shoulder height. As it grows it temperament does as well, the Nundu has never been domesticated. It usually avoids humans contact and because of its dark color, it is rarely seen. Not much is known about the Nundu's behavior methods, as one has never been captured. The following pages are dedicated to so called tales about the Nundu. As far as anyone knows, nobody has ever survived in encounter with a Nundu.

"Hear that Riddle, I accomplished another impossible task," Harry muttered irritably as he looked down at the now sleeping cat. Harry figured he ought to head up to bed as he was getting rather tired.

He left the books on the table for tomorrow and stood up from the chair. Holding Riddle in his arms, careful to not awaken him, he

trudged out of the library. As he made his way up the stairs, he heard someone behind him. He turned and saw Remus standing at the bottom looking at him with an unreadable expression.

“Remus, can I help you with something?” asked Harry from high up on the stairs as he repositioned Riddle in his arms.

“Nope just getting ready to leave, sleep well Harry,” called Remus as he turned away from his best friend’s son. Harry nodded and climbed the rest of the stairs and headed to his room. He was just about to turn the handle to his door when he heard someone yell his name.

“Harry!” A loud and childish voice reached him from the other hall. Riddle was awake now and was hissing at the small girl who was running loudly toward them.

“What do you want Cyzelena?” asked Harry, he did not want to be rude but he did not feel like talking to his family at the moment.

“I believed you Harry,” said Cyzelena as she tugged at her two braids that were a bit messier now. Harry smiled lightly at her, at least somebody believed him, even if that someone was only six years old.

“Thank you but hey sleep tight alright?” said Harry as he ruffled the girl’s hair making it even messier than it already was. The girl scrunched her nose up at him but laughed as she nodded her head. Harry watched as she went back down the hall and through a sky blue door.

Harry then opened the door, hoping that he would have no other interruptions but alas, that hope was not granted. A knock came at his door; almost the moment after he shut he had shut it. He tried to ignore the knocking as he took his shoes off and set Riddle down on his bed but the knocker persisted.

“Come in!” Harry yelled exasperatedly as he sat down next to Riddle who jumped into his lap immediately. James walked into the room hesitantly and looked around curiously as if he had never been in there before.

"Hello there Harry, um what are you up too?" asked James nervously with a small chuckle. James walked over, conjured a chair with his wand, and sat down, looking toward Harry expectantly.

"Riddle and I were about to go to bed," answered Harry with a yawn to emphasize the fact that he was indeed tired. It was then that James took notice to the cat who was staring at him almost predatorily.

"Oh yes your cat thing, well how is that going?" asked James as he reached out a hand to touch the cat, Riddle snapped at his fingers, James quickly withdrew his touch.

"He is a Nundu dad and he seems to be doing fine, though he doesn't really like anyone else but me," said Harry as he petted the top of Riddle's head lovingly. "Is there something you wanted dad?" asked Harry as he sat back against his pillows.

"Well I wanted to tell you that I was sorry about not believing you but Dumbledore said and who was I to just not believe Dumbledore?" mumbled James as he ran a hand through his untidy hair, just like he used to when he was younger.

"Oh, it's alright but you should have come to me dad," Harry said as he sighed heavily as he pinched the bridge of his nose sadly.

"Yah I should have, well sleep good tonight Harry, tomorrow is Rico's birthday party," announced the aging man as he stood up and made the chair disappear.

"Rico's birthday party?" asked Harry dumbly. Rico had not mentioned anything about this before or at least he did not think he did.

"Don't worry, your mom already fire called Narcissa, Draco should be over in the morning sometime," reassured James with a wave of his hand. He was about to open the door and leave when Harry spoke again.

"Who is all coming over?" Harry was awake now; he would probably see Ginny tomorrow!

"All the Weasleys, Sirius and Roma, Remus and Peter, Dumbledore, I think that is it other than Draco," answered James as he stroked his chin thoughtfully. Dumbledore was coming over; he did not know if he should be happy or angry with the old man.

"Oh well then I better get some shut eye," yawned Harry with a smile, nothing could bring him down at the moment. James opened the door and walked out, he was about to shut it when he heard Harry say something that made his heart stop. "I love you dad," Harry whispered as he got up to shut the door, he stopped as he saw his dad's eyes filled to the brim with tears.

Being a guy, James did not let his tears spill over but he did grab his son into a big hug. It felt like forever since he had heard those words from his son and the feeling was overwhelming to say the least. All Harry could do was pat James's back awkwardly, he had never really had a family and he was not used to the hugs. Well he had the Weasley's but even then; their hugs were not anything compared to this.

"I love you too son," whispered James as if the moment would just end and his son would go back to being heartless and cold. With that James let go, went down the right hall, and disappeared into the darkness.

Harry closed the door with a sigh and quickly changed out of his clothes into some boxers. He lay down in his bed with Riddle curled up at his feet. He was comfortable but he was worried about what tomorrow would bring.

First of all, Draco would be coming over and they were apparently friends. Second, Ginny was coming over and he had not seen her since her death, which he took rather hard. He had to remember though that this Ginny was not his Ginny, she was still a young girl and was not infatuated with him. Here he was not the boy-who-lived, Neville was but he did not know how.

Then Dumbledore was going to make an appearance. He loved Dumbledore and mourned his death but he did not know if he could take his manipulating ways again. He would avoid Dumbledore at all

costs and be careful at what he does. Riddle would stay with him, as he needed to be trained.

Especially because the cat had just relieved himself on his carpet. Harry cleaned it up hurriedly before the smell could reach his nose. The cat just meowed sweetly, climbed back on top of his bed, and quickly fell back asleep. He was with out a doubt going to train the small cat to use the bathroom outside.

Then he had to fix his childish body, as it was not very physically fit. He would wake up early tomorrow and go take a run in the back or something. Start doing some pushups and crunches and building his stamina up. He also needed to build his magical stores up because at the moment they were just okay for him.

It would take a while for him to get back to normal but he would work really hard to get there as fast as he could. All the events that happened in his years would undeniably happen here as well. He just was not sure if Neville could handle it, he still had to meet the guy to be able to tell.

Well it was true, he had a lot to do in the next few months before he started school but hey was he not the Harry Potter. Couldn't he do anything and everything as long as the Wizarding World said he could? The truth was he was not sure he could...

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[illegible]

AN: Well there you people go! That was a really long chapter for me and I have spent all night yesterday and this morning typing it! I had fun though and I am really excited to start the new chapter. It will have lots of action and stuff in it; I think you will like it. Dumbledore will find out that Harry is not a squib and he will have a *nice* conversation with Harry. Harry will meet this world's Draco and oh yeah his lost love will be there too. How about Ron, will he be any different?

In this chapter, we met Riddle, who is a Nundu. If any of you do not know what a Nundu is and want to have more information just get the

book, Fantastic Beast and Where to Find them By Newt Scamander. It is a really good read and will tell you more about dear Riddle. Anyways we had our discussion about Harry being a squib in this chapter and it well turned out all right for Harry but he proved them wrong eh? Cyzelena and James was in this chapter a bit more and we got to see them and how they are around Harry. Zykye should be in the next chapter and we should start seeing more of him.

Harry is going to start preparing for Hogwarts, which he will be starting in a few months. By the way, it is the end of May if anyone cares to know. Rico's birthday is May 31, Cyzelena's is June 10 and Zykye's is December 24. Well let me just give a big thank you to all of you who reviewed but I could reply too because the new review thing was not up yet.

Ein Dwang, DDwelling, NSW, alwaysariyana, gaul1, Kkwy, twisted-dagger, Ugly Duckling. Thank you guys so much and I hope you like the new chapter! UHUH, Thank you so much and I think it is really important that you people know about his sister and brothers. To everybody, I am sorry but at the moment, I do not think Harry will be friends with Hermione and Ron but he might.

Thank you CHIARA CRAWFORD, that is a really good suggestion and I have been thinking about doing just that! Yes, he will be a Hero in the Shadows type person for a while. FIREDOLPHIN, I do not want them to find out but they will probably find out, it will not be for a long time though. DEAD LUTHIAN, Thank you so much for your enthusiasm, you seem like a real nice girl! YUMIFUKUSHIMA, as you see they were friends in this dimension but as far as if they will be here, I am not sure yet. Yes, Rico will be a bit suspicious for a while; he is not stupid after all. DRAGON'S CRY, Sirius does have a kid, Jake remember but he will be a year under Harry and thanks for the review! ULKSER, I share your views I think he will be friends with some Slytherins but I am not sure about Hermione and Ron. HARM MARIE, at the moment no but later on someone will know but his parents will not know for a long time. IVAN THE TERRIBLE, I am not sure at the moment if he will get back together with Ginny and I didn't leave it out, it will be mentioned very soon! "HINT HINT". AZURE SKY, is this long enough for you because I can't do much longer, I am one of those people who have to sit down and type everything or I

completely lose my train of thought. Where did the old Harry go? You people will not know and neither will Harry for a while. SHADOWED RAINS, I just turned thirteen in July and I am 5'6 so it is possible. I know they banned them but I have too respond to you people because I like to keep a close connection to my readers. From now on, I will be replying by that new thing! DAFT ANGELUS, sorry but he will not be in Hufflepuff because to be honest I do not like that house but he may be friends with one. RANMA HIBICKI, many people seem to be wondering that but it will not be revealed for a while. JUNKY, at the moment I do not have a set house for Harry and thank you for the complement. I am sorry if the long reply bothered you but I like to have a close relationship with my readers because it helps me know what they are thinking.

Alright from now on all of the reviews will be answered through the new thing but if they are anonymous then I will still answer them in my AN at the bottom okay? Well thanks once again for all of the reviews, they make my heart soar. The new chapter should be out soon and here is the question of the week!

Chapter 8: The Beginning of a Very Long Day

Red hair and light blue eyes filled his dreams but he was brought out of them by a wet thing on his face. It tickled sort of, whatever it was, it was like sandpaper. Subconsciously he leaned into the touch but as he did so, it stopped. Opening his eyes, he stared into almost identical green eyes, except these were a dark forest green.

He groaned and pushed the twenty pound cat off of him, wiping his face as he did so. Riddle jumped off his bed and waited impatiently on the ground for him. Harry looked over at the Wizarding clock in his room and took notice that it was 6:00 in the morning. He yawned and stretched widely as he pulled off the silken comforter.

He rolled out of bed and headed for the shower and started it before he relieved himself. Riddle tried to follow him but Harry shut the door on the cat's face. He quickly took a shower and with a towel around himself he walked out of his bathroom.

"Riddle!" Harry yelled as he saw the cat using the bathroom on his dresser. The cat looked up at him innocently and finished his business before curling up at the end of his bed. Harry shook his head as he muttered about insane black cats with horrible green eyes.

He went to his closet and grabbed a pair of shorts and a plain white shirt. With an evil expression plastered on his face, he walked out of the closet. Riddle opened his eyes lazily at Harry walking back into the room. The small cat let out a big yawn, revealing two rows of shiny and rather pointy teeth.

"Riddle, I hate to tell you this but you will not lie on my bed if you are going to smell like that," Harry spoke to the small nundu who seemed too snuggled even deeper into his bed. With the smile still on his face, he walked over to the cat and picked him up easily. Walking toward the bathroom, he started the water once more but this time he plugged the bottom up.

Riddle seemed to watch curiously at the water as it rose up to a foot before Harry turned the faucet off. Lifting Riddle up and placing him back down inside the tub, Harry smiled from enjoyment. He made

sure the water was neither cold nor hot but rather a warm, soothing temperature.

“This Riddle is called a bath which you are in dire need of,” Harry told the cat as he watched for Riddle’s reaction toward the water. Riddle though seemed to be enjoying him immensely as he jumped up and down in the water, successfully spraying Harry with a load of water.

Harry grimaced at the cat as he stopped him from jumping once again with a strict look toward the cat. Riddle seemed to be dying to jump once again but it also seemed Riddle wanted to obey his master even more.

Taking some shampoo and soaping Riddle up to look like an electrified poodle which he took great pleasure in doing. Harry washed the small nundu up and then left the kitten to play around for a few minutes. Coming back with a fresh towel and his tennis shoes tied tightly to his feet, Harry took the cat out of the now almost empty tub. Cleaning up mess a few well placed towels, Harry left the bathroom.

Setting Riddle down on the ground, he quickly dried off the cat with a simple drying charm. He needed to go on his run before the others woke up and that meant he had to leave now. Walking out of his room, he took notice that Riddle slowing followed him.

“Riddle you cannot come with me,” Harry said as he felt sort of bad for having to leave the cat. Harry started walking again but Riddle stubbornly followed him, this time he was right by Harry’s side. “Fine suit yourself, but no chasing the Pegasus or you go back inside,” Harry said sternly as he wagged his finger at the Nundu who looked at him almost mockingly.

Harry quietly walked down the stairs but when Riddle started growling at the sound of a toilet flushing, he picked up Riddle and ran silently down the rest of the stairs and out the back double-doors. He had never been in the backyard before now and was surprised by the beauty that surrounded the ancient place.

There was a small hill with white flowers still blooming from spring and the sun was steadily rising from behind the hill. The first streaks

of sunshine shined down upon him and he bathed in the warmth. In the distance he saw the Pegasus that Cyzelena always seemed to be running around with. They were doing their early grazing; Harry could see even a few flying in the air. Forests lay to the sides of him and past the Pegasus they connected. A lone tree stood proudly up top the hill and down on the other side, Harry could see the edge of the lake that his other self had thrown Rico into.

Feeling Riddle get impatient with him standing still, Harry put the wiggling Nundu down. Looking around he thought that the place he was at was a good enough place to start running. He would run around the perimeter around the forest as many times as he could.

This soon turned out to be more than he could take on his first time. As he neared a quarter way around the forest, he was gasping for breath and pains were stabbing his abdomen. He stopped and walked to a nearby lake to drink some water, which he was in dire need of.

Bending down to cup some water and bringing it to his mouth, he drank the water selfishly. After his first handful he lifted his head and listened, there was something in the distance that sounded oddly familiar. Looking around he seen the Pegasus still grazing and a few stag lay in the forest, watching him almost anxiously. His ear twitched as he heard the noise once again, and felt something brush against his leg.

Jumping back instinctively he let out a large breath at the innocent looking face of Riddle. Glaring at the cat he bent back down but almost immediately he was standing erect again. This time he scanned the forest and noticed the stags no longer lay there and he could see a bush at the edge of the forest and it was moving.

Looking back at Riddle who was drinking up some water as well, he saw Riddle's ears stand on end but the cat seemed to either ignore the sound or Riddle didn't really care. Harry turned his head back toward the bush that was still moving and slowly looked around for anyone watching. With reassurance that he was sort of alone, he started to walk quietly toward the moving bush.

Creeping along the smooth grass he made his way toward the gentle noise he heard. It sounded nether threatening nor dangerous but he still was curious as to why it seemed so familiar. Coming up rather close to the object in question he stopped and listened intent on figuring out this sound.

"Yes come closer human, I just want a small taste of your flesh," Harry heard clearly from the bush and watched as a snake slithered out of his confined space and into the grass by Harry's feet. Harry watched as the snake came up and started swaying in a memorizing way but just as it was about to strike, Harry remembered that he actually understood the snake.

"Wait!" Harry hissed loudly at the snake that seemed to freeze right in front of Harry's face. The black scales of the snake contrasted greatly with the green grass and soon felt Riddle's breath on the back of his legs.

"You speak human?" hissed the snake not really expecting an answer as he eye Riddle cautiously, recognizing exactly what the said animal was.

"Yes but I don't understand how I could..." Harry trailed off as he pinched the bridge of his nose with a sigh of confusion. The snake though seemed it wasn't listening because Riddle seemed to be eyeing the snake instinctively like a predator would its prey.

"I must leave you now human-speaker but we shall meet again," hissed the snake wisely as he slithered back in the forest, his dark eyes still looking back ever so often to make sure Riddle wasn't following him.

"Wait, what's your name?" Harry yelled toward the retreating back of the snake that promptly turned around in a swift motion.

"Satire," hissed the snake back and with that he disappeared into the brush of the forest and out of Harry's sight. Turning back toward the small Nundu who still had his eyes positioned toward the forest. Picking up the small cat into his arms, he carried her back to the lake.

He took a few more handfuls of water and dispensed them into his mouth. Feeling refreshed he waited as Riddle finished drinking once more. Looking down at his wizard watch it read 7:24, he had a few more hours until the others would awake. Swiveling his eyes back toward Riddle, he noticed the cat was looking at him expectantly.

It then hit Harry that he hadn't fed Riddle for awhile and he was probably hungry. Since he didn't want to walk all the way back to his house, he did the first thing that came to mind, even though he felt bad about doing so.

"Trebel," Harry called out into the distance toward his home, hearing the familiar noise of Trebel appearing he smiled wistfully. Trebel seemed to wide awake as he looked up to his master who seemed quite happy to see him.

"What can Trebel help you with sir?" asked Trebel with a bright smile on his face, making it go a bit sideways which made Harry chuckle a bit.

"I was wondering if you could take Riddle with you and feed him his bottle, please?" asked Harry with a pleading expression at the small house-elf.

"It would be my pleasure to do such an honor sir," answered Trebel with a small bow as he picked up the reluctant cat but hunger overruled and Riddle let another handle him, just this once. Harry smiled as he saw the two disappear with a snap and looked out into the distance once more.

With that he began his run once more and thinking about his new life. He had to stop a few more times to catch his breath but he eventually made it around once. His body was definitely not in any physical shape whatsoever. Taking a few more deep breaths before walking quietly back into the house. He smelled some breakfast cooking from the kitchen and slowly crept up the stairs trying to resist the urge to go straight to the kitchen to eat.

His smell though absolutely reeked of sweat and his hair was all wet with perspiration. Walking into his room and shutting the door quietly behind him, aware of his sister sleeping close to him. He headed

once more to the bathroom to take another shower. Harry soon finished cleaning his body and walked out of the bathroom smelling a lot fresher than he did when he walked in.

Walking once more into his closet picking out a pair of jeans, a nice white collared shirt and a pair of fresh knickers, he quickly got dressed. He yawned widely as he walked back out of the closet and had to step back a step when he was hit full force in the stomach by something with sharp claws.

"Riddle it's nice to see you too but could you get off?" asked Harry with a strained smile on his face as he looked down at the nundu accusingly. The cat slowly loosened his grip on Harry which he was very grateful for. Straightening his jeans back out he picked Riddle up and went to the bathroom to fix his hair.

Setting Riddle in the sink, Harry combed his hair around and satisfied with the mess he grabbed Riddle and walked back out. Before leaving he grabbed a simple gold bracelet from his box and left the room. Heading out of his room, he was once more knocked full force, this time though it made him double over in pain.

"Oh! Sorry Master Harry, Trebel was just looking for Riddle who ran off in search of Master Harry and Trebel..." the house-elf trailed off muttering to himself as he hit his head multiple times before Harry could distinguish what Trebel had actually said.

"Trebel stop it, I assure you that I am alright, now how about you go and take the day off?" suggested Harry with a smile toward the still horrified elf.

"Master Harry but I cannot, tis not right for me to do so," Trebel squeaked as he shook his head repeatedly.

"You will and you will enjoy it or I will be very, very unhappy with you," Harry said with a stern look on his face.

"If Master wishes Trebel to do so then Trebel will do so," Trebel said as a small smile crept on to his greenish face.

"That I do Trebel, you deserve it after all," said Harry thoughtfully as he set Riddle down on the floor. "So how do I look?" asked Harry with a blush as he amusedly turned around.

"Most impressive sir," answered Trebel with an enthusiastic nod that made his ears flip flap back and forth.

"Thank you Trebel, you don't look too shabby yourself," spoke the black haired boy as he straightened Trebel's clothing. The house-elf beamed and with a smile he left Harry's presence to have the day off.

Harry stood there for a minute with a silly smile on his face before walking down the stairs and toward the kitchen with Riddle on his heels. There was a cry from the other room and before his mother could stop the wonderful cooking that was going on in the other room, he yelled.

"I got it mum!" yelled Harry just loud enough so his mum could hear it in the other room. His mom didn't answer but he knew that she had heard him, with that he went to Zykye's room. "Don't cry Zykye, big brother is here to do whatever a mom does," Harry chuckled at the last part as in reality he had never dealt with a small kid before.

Looking down into the crib he smiled at the sight of his little brother with locks of black hair spread around his head like a halo. His brother seemed to be blessed with his mother's hair texture because Zykye's black hair lay flat on his head. Picking the child up and rocking him in his arms, he gently sung to him. It was a lullaby he vaguely remembered he once before.

Looking around the room, he spotted Riddle who seemed to be looking at Zykye jealously. Harry held in a chuckle at that and cuddled the small kid closer to his chest, successfully making the cat start hissing at him menacingly. Shaking his head at the cat he looked back down at his brother who was now wide awake. Dark hazel eyes looked up at him curiously as the boy let out a wide yawn.

Harry hadn't seen much of Zykye as of yet, most of the time the child was down for a nap. The kid looked no older than 4 and seemed rather calm as he stared blinkingly up at Harry. Curious brown eyes

looked around the room; the child still seemed half asleep as he gazed at the cat who was still hissing.

"Where is mum?" asked Zykye in a small voice as he returned his eyes to Harry. Harry almost jumped from the sudden noise but held it in and answered Zykye's question.

"She is in cooking breakfast, are you hungry?" asked Harry with his eyebrows knitted together in concern for his brother.

"What is she cooking?" asked the boy as he untangled himself from Harry who was reluctant to let the boy go.

"Let's go see, shall we?" Harry said as he got up from where he had sat down and grabbed the child's hand. He realized the child was a lot bigger then he looked in the picture but why was he still in a crib?

"Come here Riddle," called Harry as he took pity on the jealous cat and pulled him up into his arms. The cat seemed to hold onto Harry for dear life, Riddle snuggled into Harry's arms.

Walking into the kitchen he smiled at the sight of his mum sitting down in a chair by the table, swishing her wand back and forth lazily. At the sight of her two boys she smiled which turned a bit strained at the sight of Riddle who seemed to glare at the lady.

"Ah Harry your awake and so is Zykye good now if we could only get the others up. They seem to have got your fathers gene when it comes to waking up," laughed Lily as she got up to prepare some plates of food for her children. She still preferred to do something that old fashion muggle way.

"No eggs mum!" shouted Zykye as he went to take as seat at the kitchen table. Harry sat down as well, with Riddle once again in his lap.

"I know dear and no waffles for you right Harry?" asked Lily as she set down two plates in front of the boys. Harry looked bewildered at Lily who then turned confused at the way Harry was looking. "Is something wrong dear?" prompted Lily with concern lacing her voice thickly.

"If you don't mind mum, I would enjoy it if I did have some waffles," Harry said as he wondered how his other could possibly not like waffles. He wondered if that sounded a bit rude but he did really want some waffles, that run had made him rather hungry.

"I don't mind at all dear, you know when I was a young girl I used to hate onions but now I love them!" Lily said as she laughed at the memory of her mother asking why she was eating one raw.

"You still are young mum," said Zykye sweetly from his seat which he received a smile and his hair being ruffled by his mum.

Harry soon had his waffles which he ate hastily as he watched his father come tiredly into the kitchen. He didn't say a word as he sat down at the table and was handed the Daily Prophet courtesy of Lily. Slowly the two figures of his brother and sister trudged into the kitchen and were handed food as well. Not liking the silence that seemed to rather normal at the table Harry tried to start a conversation.

"So Rico are you excited about your party today?" asked Harry as he lifted some sausage into his mouth. Everyone stopped eating and the newspaper lowered as they looked at Harry, all with raised eyebrows.

"It should be nice," Rico answered after a minute of staring at his older brother. "After all eight it a nice age to be or so Jenny told me," added Rico as his mother joined the table to eat her food as well.

"So I heard you like this Jenny girl, is it true?" asked Harry which caused a whole argument to arouse. One which Rico was the major blusher and James teased him unmercifully.

Breakfast was soon over with a few laughs and Lily quickly magic the dishes clean with a sweep of her wand. She ordered Rico, Cyzelena and Zykye to go and get dressed as they were still dressed in their pajamas. James had to go and pick up a few last gifts from Remus's house, where he had hidden them. Lily was still sitting down at the table looking over an article about St. Mungo's in the Daily Prophet and Harry was sitting at the table as well.

"Mum in the painting by the front entrance um why does everyone look so much...younger?" asked Harry as he couldn't find the word he wanted to use. His mum looked up from the paper before looking back down and giving her answer.

"I keep on telling your father that we need to get a new one but he insists that we look the same as we did two and a half years ago," muttered Lily as she shook her head at her husband's stubbornness but at least now she had someone who thought the same thing.

"Oh so when is Zykye going to get a bed?" spoke Harry trying to hide the real question, *why is Zykye still in a crib?* This time Lily looked up with a confused expression on her face before it turned to realization.

"Darling haven't you seen Zykye's new room? I guess not but he is as stubborn as your father and throws a fit every time I tell him to go take a nap in his bed not the old crib!" exclaimed Lily with exasperation shining through clearly as she stood up and gestured for Harry to follow her.

Going out of the kitchen and through the living and pass the library to a door he hadn't noticed before. Still holding the now sleeping Riddle, he waited as his mother opened the dark mahogany door. Walking in he smiled at the room, which seemed to resemble his brother to the core.

The walls were adorned with an animated ocean and the sun setting over head of his bed which was a dark mahogany with a matching comforter. Black pillows adorned the bed and two nightstands stood on either side. A toy trunk was off to the side filled to the brim with balls and trucks. A few bears sat upon a dark colored dresser and a door that obviously led to a bathroom was on the right while a door to a closet was on the left. It was a nice sized room, not quite as big as his room but it was perfect for the four year old boy.

"Isn't wonderful, your father finished it a week ago," marveled Lily as she looked at her son who nodded. Harry was about to say something when a loud ding vibrated the room. "Oh somebody must be flooing in, probably Draco and Narcissa," assured Harry with a pat to his shoulder as she walked back out of the room. With one last look at the room, he went after his mum.

Catching up to her in the kitchen, he followed his mum to the Floo room. It was still ringing and nobody had accepted the call yet. He waited patiently as his mum pushed a button that was next to the large fireplace.

Upon pushing the said object, two people floored out of the fireplace gracefully. A tall blonde haired woman with icy blue eyes and a boy with platinum blonde hair and cold gray eyes. The two wore the same expression a sneer at the dust that now stuck to their clothes. With another push of the button, the dust was magically sucked off the Malfoy's clothing.

Narcissa was wearing a nice summer dress with an open silver robe that hung lightly off her tall figure. Draco was wearing a pair of jeans and a t-shirt that had the Malfoy crest on it. Two swords stood majestically connecting at the top with a large M in the middle and snakes were slithering around at the bottom.

"Narcissa and Draco how nice of you to join us, the other guests will be hear within the hour," said Lily with a smile on her face as she ushered Mrs. Malfoy into the living room so they could talk over tea and biscuits.

That left the two boys alone in the floo room, both staring at one another. Draco's eyes flickered to Riddle who was now awake from the sound of the ringing that had come from the floo. Harry gestured with a wave of his hand for Draco to follow him, over into the family room.

The family room held two couches and a lounge chair the color of Gryffindor red. A table sat in between of the two couches and a fireplace to the side of the table. A painting of a woman who smiled at them as they walked in stood over the mantle. Harry quickly positioned him at the end of one couch and put his feet on top of the table as he stoked Riddle's fur. Draco watched him and Riddle for a moment before sitting down on the other couch.

"Harry, is this the devil you owled me about?" asked Draco with a smirk at Riddle who seemed to just ignore the blonde haired boy.

"Of course, I named him Riddle by the way," answered Harry with a smirk of his own as he continued stroking Riddle who loved the extra attention.

"Riddle? Dirty muggle name if you ask me," remarked Draco with a sigh as if the topic bored him.

"Well I didn't, so you excited about going to Hogwarts?" asked Harry as he truly wanted to know exactly how Draco had felt about going there the first time.

"With Dumbledore watching our every move I doubt it but mother wouldn't allow me to attend Durmstrang," said Draco with a scowl on his face as he closed his eyes and lied across the couch.

"Dumbledore will be attending the party today," announced Harry amused as he smirked once again at the boy who missed the expression.

"I know mother told me such," commented Draco as he stretched and opened his eyes lazily toward an amused Harry. "What are *you* smirking at?" asked Draco somewhat interested.

"Nothing Draco so how is your father doing?" asked Harry greedy for any information on the said person.

"Oh he just made a generous contribution to Hogwarts, you know how he is," answered Draco with a roll of his eyes. Harry smiled at that, something's never change. "Bridgette seems to be quite happy about me leaving for Hogwarts but you know how she is," added Draco with a shake of his head.

"Bridgette?" asked Harry confused; he didn't know anyone with that name. He felt weird as he raised an inquiring eyebrow toward Draco who let out a soft chuckle.

"Look mate, I know you tried to forget that I even have a sister after what happened but it was a long time ago, get over it!" said Draco as he shook his head amusedly at the black haired boy who had to control both of his eyebrows from shooting up at the last statement.

Malfoy had a sister? Why didn't he have a sister in his world? He was really confused, there was a Ginny but there was also a Jenny now. Plus there was two Malfoy and one was his best friend and the other had done something a while back. Could life ever be normal for him?

Harry was about to answer when the door to the room was open gently and in walked a man. Long white hair adorned the man's head and a matching beard that could be tucked into his belt. Light blue eyes that twinkled like a new snowflake and a pair of half moon glasses sat on a crooked nose. Albus Dumbledore looked exactly as Harry remembered him before he was murdered.

"Ah there you are Harry and young Malfoy, haven't had the pleasure of yet to thank your father for his donation to the school," came Dumbledore's old yet wise voice. The tall and old man walked over and sat gracefully into the lounge chair but did not lean back.

"Professor Dumbledore how nice of you to join us, now what can we do for you?" asked Harry as he removed his feet from the table in a sweeping motion.

"That must be Riddle, such beautiful creatures nundu's are," remarked Dumbledore his twinkle ever brighter. "Hagrid would be delighted at such a rare creature," added Dumbledore with a soft chuckle at the thought. Harry nodded at the remark and admitted to himself that he hadn't even thought about Hagrid since he came here. It would be good to see the old chap.

"Professor were you in need of something?" asked Draco as he steadily got impatient at the intrusion to their conversation.

"Ah yes, alas I was wondering if I could have a private moment with Mr. Potter?" suggested Dumbledore with a delicate smile at the Malfoy heir. Draco looked even more annoyed at the comment but nodded nonetheless as his mother was here and he was to respect all the influential wizards at the party.

The moment Draco shut the door and uncomfortable silence settled over the room. Dumbledore watched Harry who was looking at Riddle knowing that such person was watching him. Hearing a sigh he

looked up into twinkling blue eyes that shed power and wisdom that filled Harry's soul with images of his death.

"Harry my boy so I hear you had an interesting dinner yesterday," started Dumbledore as he stood up and went to stand by the fireplace that had a few flickering flames alight inside. "Your parents were quite worrisome about the incident, taking into account that just a few weeks ago I informed them you were not capable of doing magic," said the old wizard as he stroked his beard sadly. Harry didn't know how to respond to such a comment so he kept quiet and listened to Dumbledore who went on.

"It was quite a shock to me when I heard such a statement and at first I neither believed nor disbelieved. When I had first come to the conclusion to you being a squib I thought it much possible as sometimes when two powerful magical people have a baby there is a fifty percent chance that the first born will be non magical," finished Dumbledore with a sigh and a long glance toward the said Potter who looked impassive.

"Professor," started Harry after a minute, "I assure you I am capable of magic," answered Harry simply. Dumbledore nodded subconsciously at the assurance but he still seemed a bit unsure.

"It was as if I never quite doubted it but the test said you hadn't a drop of magic in you," muttered Dumbledore with a hint of impatience toward himself. "I always thought you would either be powerful or not magical at all," sighed Dumbledore as he started pacing back and forth passed Harry who was now standing as well, looking quite small next to the tall Dumbledore.

"Sir you shouldn't worry about such insignificant problems," said Harry with a light chuckle. "Come let us go and enjoy Rico's party shall we?" suggested Harry with a ghostly smile on his face as he looked upon his once-time mentor.

Dumbledore stopped pacing and looked up at the Potter boy. Harry got unnerved by those blue eyes that while they twinkled, they still looked as if they could see right passes his mask. The next moment he heard a whistle of cloak and the Professor was alongside him looking down.

“That will prove to be a delight,” answered Dumbledore with a grandfatherly ruffle of Harry’s untidy hair. “By the way would you like a lemon drop?” asked Dumbledore as he pulled a bag of familiar muggle sweets from within his robes.

Harry just smiled and chuckled lightly at the man and quietly started walking away, leaving behind a confused yet still jolly old man. Harry came to a conclusion no matter what world you were in, something's like lemon drops and malicious sneers never change.

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AN: So there is the new chapter and I hope you all like it. The chapter got really long and if I didn't cut the day in half the chapter probably wouldn't have been up for a few days at the least. I had a lot of fun with this chapter and was very pleased by the amount of reviews I received. I wanted to thank everyone once again for their amazing support. You don't even understand how happy it makes me when I see one person review, I am embarrassed to say it but I squeal every time! Anyways let me thank those of you who reviewed by anonymous.

ME, thank you so much and I plan to keep it up! PETITES SORCIERE, first let me thank you for using English, it makes it a lot easier on me! The house will remain a mystery but let me tell you I have finally come to a decision that I am very happy about. I have planned for the last couple of days and have about ten pages of notes on the house I have chosen. At the moment I don't know about the horcruxes but I will be sure to think of it soon! JANI, I cannot answer any of them because it would give away part of the plot. Anyways Draco was his best friend question is will he and the new Harry stay that way. NIKKI, yes he does have a lot of bravery but he has a lot of other things as well that must be taken into account.

Well once again let me thank you all for the reviews and answering to my questions. Let me take a moment to think up a new one. Alright I took my two second now let me ask you this because I had a bit of

trouble portraying such a character and was wondering how you though I did.

Question: What did you think of Dumbledore?

Well there is the new question and the rest of Rico's birthday will be up sometime in the next weekend, hopefully before Christmas. I will hopefully see you all very soon! If I don't then I want to wish you all a HAPPY CHRISTMAS! See you guys later and take care.

Much love,

Tenchi Malfoy

Chapter 9: Rico's Birthday Party

Harry silently led Dumbledore into the living room where Draco, Narcissa and his mother were currently having tea and browned biscuits. He smiled at his mother as he walked into the room; truthfully he didn't want to leave his mother with two Malfoy's for very long.

"Harry how nice of you to join us but could you attend to the floo room and welcome the guests? I still have quite a bit of cooking to do," explained Lily as she set down her cup of tea and finished off her biscuit.

"Sure mum, where is everyone else at by the way?" asked Harry as he noticed it was quiet in the house.

"Your father went to pick up some more presents from Remus's and Cyzelena and Zykye are outside with the Pegasus," answered Lily as she stood up from the couch and gestured for Harry to move along to the floo room. "Oh and Rico is getting ready," added Lily as an afterthought, she knew she forgot one of them.

Harry smiled once more and with a nod to the guests he went into the floo room to await the arrivals of the other guests. Sitting down on the couch he shook Riddle awake, he needed someone to talk to after all.

"Need to use the bathroom yet?" asked Harry as he didn't want the cat going on him or any furniture again. The cat hissed at him angrily at him for waking him up but then Riddle quieted down and jumped off his lap. Harry took that as a yes and opened the door to the backyard for Riddle to go out in. The cat though seemed to have other ideas and sat there looking at Harry expectantly, silently asking Harry to go with him.

"Sorry boy but I have got to stay here and welcome the guests, just go real quickly in that bush there," said Harry with a smile as he gestured toward the bush right outside the door. Riddle looked over at the bush and quickly went padding over to it and relieved himself, his eyes never left Harry who was quite amused at the nundu's antics. "Good job boy now come back in and help me with the guests,"

praised Harry as he smiled encouragingly at the nundu who gracefully sprinted back to his side.

Not a minute later there was another ring from the fireplace and Harry imitated his mum by pushing the button and letting the guests come in. Tree whooshes later and out came the Black family, Sirius, Roma and their son Jake. They were all dressed in robes of royal blue but just as the Malfoys they were also covered in ashes and dust. Harry pushed the button once more and they were as clean as a newly mopped floor.

"Harry dear its nice to see you again," greeted Roma as she placed a kiss on his forehead and went to go find Lily. Sirius still seemed to be a bit wary of him from the two disastrous dinners of earlier days. So with a nod and a small strained smile he guided himself and his son out of the floo room.

"Well at least I don't have to give any explanations," sighed Harry in relief as he went back toward the couch but before he could sit back down the fireplace went off again.

Taking a deep breath he went and pushed the button again and waited for the guests to come out of the fireplace. He smiled at Remus in his robes of red with golden hems but the smile left his face as another guest appeared next to the man, Peter Pettigrew.

"Nice to see you Harry, your father should be here any minute," said Remus as he walked out of the fireplace after Harry had pushed the button a second time. He gave Harry a one armed hug and ushered a standing still Peter out of the fireplace. It was then that Remus took notice of the nervous looking Peter and the strained smile on Harry's face as he gazed over at his old buddy. "Um Peter and I will go and see if your mother needs any more help with the food," spoke Remus as he smiled softly at his best friends son and walked toward the kitchen with Peter hot on his heels.

Harry watched Remus and the rat walk away until he lost sight of them to another room. Turning back to the fireplace he waited until another ring alerted him; he grabbed a sleeping Riddle from the couch and pushed the button for what felt like the hundredth time.

Out came the one family he had been nervous about welcoming since he was told he was the welcoming party. The Weasleys had just arrived at the party; one by one they all appeared. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley and then Percy, Fred and George, Ron and Ginny, and another girl who he assumed was Jenny. But his eyes were locked with his once time lover, the girl who had made him cry in grief over her.

"What are you doing here?" asked Ron with a huff as he placed himself in front of his sisters angrily at the boy.

"Shush yourself now Ronald he lives here hurry up and come along," scolded Mrs. Weasley as she hit her son with her purse. Rubbing his head as he glared hatefully at his sister's tormentor he followed his mother. Harry watched long fully as his love once more slipped from his hold and left with her family. The girl though hadn't even looked at him but stared determinedly at the floor.

So he sat back down for the next hour and welcomed guests to the house and then after their last guest had come, a young Tonks, he picked up Riddle and headed out of the room too.

Walking toward the living room where he had last seen his mother, noise flooded his ears loudly. Stopping at the entrance to the living room he looked around his surroundings gloomily, he took notice of a laughing Ginny at something her brother had said. He noticed his brother playing with Jenny who was trying to put a pink birthday hat upon his red locks.

"Harry come here and have some food you look a bit famish," interrupted his mother as she spotted him in the doorway. Smiling slightly he obeyed his mother and grabbed the plate from her hand and filled it up with his favorite foods.

It seemed his mother had made everything he had ever heard of not just wizard food either he seen some muggle food as well. He wasn't that hungry but Riddle seemed hungry so most of the food on his plate was some soft meat that he was sure Riddle would like.

“Good now come and sit down by me,” said a pleased Lily as she grabbed Harry by his shirt and tugged gently for him to sit next to her at the table.

Steadying himself and his plate he grabbed Riddle up with his free arm and sat down in the chair between Dumbledore and his mother. Putting Riddle into his lap he cut little pieces of meat for Riddle to eat. It couldn't hurt to start him on meat and the book did say that the nundu's started eating meat very early in life.

Listening to his mother talk to Narcissa about Hogwarts and how excited she was for the two boys to be able to attend together. Lily seemed to do most of the talking while Narcissa just nodded and gave a small smile every now and then. Dumbledore was talking to Mr. Weasley about muggles and their crazy inventions.

“So are you excited Harry?” asked a voice from across the table, breaking into his observations of the table.

“About what madam?” inquired Harry respectfully he hadn't been following their conversation for a while.

“Hogwarts, in my day dear it was a very educational and social experience,” said Narcissa as she wiped the edges of her mouth with a cloth.

“Oh yes it should be great fun,” answered Harry sincerely as he concluded that his mum had probably told Narcissa that he did indeed have magic flowing through him.

“Remember dear that fun must come after you finish your studies for the day,” added in Lily with a gentle smile as she ruffled her son's hair fondly.

“Wouldn't dream of doing anything else mum,” replied Harry and truth was he didn't. Last time he had to worry all about trying not to be killed and now he had the chance to work real hard and learn all he could to help Neville.

“That's my boy,” said Lily as she patted his shoulder but he was busy looking at Draco who was putting his finger into his mouth and

making a gagging noise. He laughed as Draco's mum glared at him and started to scold him for the gesture.

Getting up he held on tightly to a sleeping Riddle and made his way to his room. He needed to lay down by himself for a while. Getting on his bed he crawled under the covers and set Riddle down on one of his pillows.

Turning on his side he sighed heavily as he thought about Ginny once more. She hadn't spared him a glance all afternoon. He knew she probably hated him for what he did to Jenny but a guy could hope couldn't he? Chuckling at the thought he stopped abruptly when a knock came at his door.

“Come in,” answered Harry puzzled surely no one could have noticed he was gone after all he had just left. Holding a gasp as his love walked in the door with a smile on her freckled face.

“Harry I always knew you would come back to me,” said Ginny as she all but glided over to his bed and sat down by his chest.

He watched mesmerized as Ginny slowly lowered her head down to his and he was once again looking into his love's sparkling eyes. Just as he lifted his head to kiss her another knock came from the door...

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[illegible]

Chapter 10: Fun Comes With Problems

Ginny disappeared out of his arms, he reached into the air and rubbed his eyes. She had left him again, he had her and she left him! He silently cursed and then remembered why Ginny had left him.

"Come in," he snapped irritated more at himself than anything. The door opened and in came Rico with a more reluctant Jenny.

"Harry sorry to bother you but I thought that maybe you could apologize to Jenny for the other day," Rico whispered in a mumble but Harry caught it, he sighed and rubbed his eyes tiredly.

"Of course," He answered sitting up, Riddle was still sound asleep next to him. "Jenny Weasley you have my most sincere apology and I promise to never insult you or your family again."

"I dunno Rico," Jenny said, skeptical of the boy. Harry was expecting some kind of worry against believing his apology.

"Harry's cool now Jenny, trust me," Rico assured her with a smile. Jenny still seemed a bit hesitant but finally she accepted.

"It's alright," she said before taking an armful of Rico's robes and removing the two of them from his room.

"Let's go to the library boy," Harry decided, he couldn't fall back asleep and the library sounded like the perfect place. He needed to start researching how he got he and if he would ever return to his old home.

Riddle opened his eyes and yawned tiredly, the cat was more lazy than a gnome. They made their way to the library by memory, only getting lost once, once there they sat down at a table and Harry started shifting through books. He didn't want to bother Treble, who was probably still helping out with the party.

Hours and books later, he hadn't found much of anything and was surprised when nobody came looking for him. It was dark outside he could tell by the windows, it had been for awhile, Riddle had fallen asleep sometime after they first arrived. Gathering up the creature he

headed up to his room, all the lights were out in the house, had everyone already went to bed?

"Treble," he whispered in the dark, he more heard than saw Treble appear. "What happened to everybody?"

"Harry sir, it is twelve at night. The Malfoys left right after you went up to your room and everyone else a few hours later. Miss Jenny is staying the night though," Treble whispered back, he hadn't realized it was that late.

"Thanks Treble," he dismissed the house-elf, the next few months before Hogwarts were going to be hard and troubled. Filled with training to get back in shape, reading books to learn everything he possibly could before school started and finding somewhere to practice his magic so he could build up his reserves.

The next two months past by real fast, Harry spent most of the time studying, training himself or Riddle. He spent time with his family, he talked with his mother about different charms, his father about quidditch, he taught Rico how to swim, he chased the Pegasus with Cyzelena and taught Zykye to read.

He himself had slowly changed, he grew his hair out past his shoulders with a little bit of magic. It now was always tied back with a hair sash at the base of his neck, he was happy now that it was actually manageable.

He also muscled up a little bit, he didn't look pathetically scrawny anymore. He stood at about five foot three and could run around the forest once now without stopping. He would have to rest after but he would get up and do it again. His abs were starting to come in again, as well as his biceps. He was even getting some chest definition now.

His magic though hadn't made as much progress. It would take a year for it to even get half way to what it was before he moved here. He still needed to increase his height, body mass and muscle mass for him to have even a chance. Since he probably wouldn't reach his old height of 5'9 for at least a few years, he expected his magic to be up to his full capacity by his fifth year at the latest.

He was going to push for sooner, he was already practicing everyday for up to two hours out by the forest where he couldn't be seen. It wore him out and he usually took a three or four hour nap before dinner. Hopefully though he would return to his old world before than though.

Riddle though seemed to never stop growing he was just over three months now and he took up half of the bed now. He stood at about two feet at shoulder and his hair had smoothed down to a silky black. He reminded Harry of a muggle leopard but way more intelligent, he always seemed to know what Harry was saying.

Riddle ran with him, he was a very lean cat but still more lazy than a gnome. When Harry rested, Riddle played in the lake, for a cat he sure loved water. Harry didn't know what he was going to do without Riddle when he went to Hogwarts, he had become like a brother to him.

Today though was different than most days, today he was going to go shopping for his school supplies. He had received his Hogwarts letter a few weeks ago but had wanted to wait to visit Diagon Alley.

Yawning he opened his eyes and pushed his hair out of his eyes. His leg was dead asleep due to a rather large black cat bottom laying across it. He sat up and couldn't resist the urge to push the animal off the side of his bed, in a heap Riddle fell to the floor.

Almost immediately after hitting the ground, a hundred pounds of muscle landed squarely on his chest. Air left his chest, he gasped to put it back in as angry hisses turned into slobbery licks that met his face, courtesy of a white tongue. This was their normal waking up routine.

"Alright boy," Harry muttered sliding from underneath the nundu, careful of the sharp claws that lay in his huge paws. "You are officially going on a diet." Riddle just smacked Harry in the face with his long tail, as he was still standing on the bed.

"Stupid bloody cat, should have got rid of you months ago," Harry mumbled darkly under his breath as he quickly dressed himself in his usual running outfit, a pair of shorts and a plain t-shirt. Riddle's

response was nothing more than to purr lovingly as he twisted himself in and out of Harry's legs, knocking him to the ground finally. "One day I'm going to shave all of your hair off."

Ten minutes later the odd pair finally made their way outside and starting their training routine. It wasn't more than six o'clock when they arrived outside but when Harry was finished running, with Riddle loyally by his side the entire way, it was 8:30. He was happy, for the first time since he arrived here, he had been able to fully finish five laps around the forest before being exhausted.

It didn't seem like much but five laps around the forest was like, three or four miles and accomplishing that in two and a half months felt like flying. He supposed his extra energy came from his trip to Diagon Alley that would happen in just a few short hours.

Sweating he quickly drank from the fresh lake, splashing Riddle in the face a few times lightened up his heart, why? Because it was funny when the nundu tried to flick water droplets off his whiskers by twitching, his laughs filled the forest.

After he had calmed down, he went to finish his morning training while Riddle went swimming in the lake. He finished his running off with pushups, sit ups and stretching. Just after nine o'clock, he finished and threw his sweat soaked shirt off and headed into the water to cool off and play with Riddle.

It was rather cold water, he had never actually been in the lake before but today for some reason he was open to anything. He swam over to Riddle and took some water into his mouth before squirting it back out at the unsuspecting cat. Riddle didn't seem to think it was very funny, showing so when a long tail hit the water right in his face, making a huge splash.

"Alright it's going to be like that is it," Harry muttered before taking in a large breath and going underwater. With his eyes open he found, Riddle's two back legs and pulled them down, suddenly two dark green eyes met his own. Riddle started blowing bubbles in his face right before Harry came up to breath. "Dumb cat."

“Harry Potter, what in Merlin’s name are you doing out there?” Lily’s voice yelled as she came running over, Zykye in her arms.

“Swimming,” Harry yelled back as he floated on his back, Riddle put his paws on Harry’s stomach making him go under water. Lily screamed and ran to the edge but stopped when Harry resurfaced with a laugh. “Riddle, that was low.”

“Harry James Potter get out of that water right this minute mister,” Lily snapped in a worried voice. Harry swam over slowly since Riddle clinging to his back tiredly and a few minutes later made it out of the water. A red headed green eyed lady was staring menacingly down at him, child on her hip and foot tapping the ground angrily.

“Sorry, Riddle wanted to go swimming,” Harry muttered, his eyes downcast. Nobody knew about his training, that was why he got up so early. He didn’t want anymore suspicions, which he knew already existed.

“If you say so young man but so early in the morning? You could have got hurt and nobody would have known,” Lily scolded, she was more worried than angered.

“I know, I should have asked I’m sorry,” Harry apologized again flickering his matching green eyes up to his mum. He wasn’t used to being coddled by anyone, especially a mother figure, he just didn’t know how to react. Riddle was whining with his ears down and his tail between his legs, Harry took noticed that Lily was glaring at him now. “Mum you’re scaring him.”

“That was the point.” Lily said simply with a smile. “Now go inside and clean both of yourselves up, we’ll be leaving after breakfast.”

Harry smiled devilishly and with a kiss to his mum’s cheek, he ran off with Riddle at his side, back toward the house. Twenty minutes, gallons of water and a bruised bottom later, Harry and Riddle emerged from his room clean and smiling.

“Race you to the kitchen,” Harry whispered to Riddle, all he got was a hiss of agreement before Riddle took off towards the stairs. Harry took off after him but by the time he reached the staircase, Riddle had

jumped off the ledge and was looking up at him expectantly. Raising an eyebrow, he got onto the ledge and slid down the railing, landing squatted at the bottom. Harry looked at Riddle, Riddle looked at Harry, they both took off running.

“Harry slow down son, your mother’s cooking isn’t that good,” James laughed as he came out of his office. Harry gave him a quick laugh as he continued running right behind Riddle who was trying not to knock into anything. He couldn’t remember ever being so carefree in his life, he had always been on guard and a bit reserved.

With a smile as they rounded the corner before the swinging door before the kitchen, an idea popped into his head. Just as Riddle was about to burst through the door, Harry launched himself into the air and onto Riddle’s back, making the cat crumble in a hiss. They both slid into the kitchen, Harry hanging onto Riddle’s middle, they barely missed tripping Lily who was setting the table.

“Mama look at Harry he’s silly,” Cyzelena laughed from her seat at the table, Lily shook her head disappointedly but continued to set the table as Harry got off Riddle and rubbed his arm, Riddle had landed on it.

“Harry you should set a better example for your little sister,” Lily reprimanded putting the food onto the table. She had rather got used to eating as a family and chatting about daily events.

“Oh come on my sweet lily-flower, today our son becomes a wizard,” James entered the conversation. Lily rolled her eyes at her boys, she should have had all girls so she could outnumber James.

“Well maybe if he acted like one,” Lily muttered irritably as Rico joined the table, his hair everywhere on his head. “I wish he would get his hair cut.”

This had been a major discussion at breakfast for the last week. That and Riddle being too big but that was more out of dislike for the cat than anything else. Breakfast was over and everyone helped out with the dishes except Riddle who was still chewing on bones from a stag, James always grimaced when Riddle at the certain animal.

"Floo powder," Harry himself grimaced, it wasn't his favorite way to travel. Rather dirty and to him, he would rather be chased by a mountain troll all the way to his destination than hop fireplaces.

"Oh stop it, its not that bad," Lily said, Harry gave her a disbelieving look. Why couldn't they just take the house-elves? Well for one it drained them but he really disliked floo powder. "Alright you first then."

"Me?" Harry whined looking at Riddle, his mum had told him that the cat needed to stay behind. "Can't I take Riddle mum, please?"

"I said no, you two can't handle being in your own home alone, Merlin forbid a public place. Plus you know what he is," Lily glared at the cat, giving him a pointed look before finishing, "Things like that don't belong with people."

"We could just put an invisibility charm on him," James suggested readjusting his glasses. Lily glared at him for the suggestion as Harry smiled, he was waiting for them to suggest that because he knew if he did then they might get suspicious.

"Please mum," Harry begged, his eyes meeting Lily's in a battle between son and mother. He had to admit, he had grown rather attached to the nundu, Riddle went everywhere with him now.

"Fine but if he gets caught I don't know you lot," Lily joked, she didn't want to give in but she was a mother and she could tell Harry was attached to the ruddy cat.

The charm was put on him and ten minutes later they were all in the Leaky Cauldron. Tom said hello to them and a few other people waved but Harry didn't receive the reaction that he had the first time he came to the Leaky Cauldron in his first year.

"Alright do you have your letter?" Lily asked once they had made it to the red brick wall. James was busy tapping away at the bricks with his wand.

"Hasn't left my sight since I got it a few days ago mum," Harry answered smiling, he could say honestly they had was just excited to

be here again as he was his very first time. Lily nodded holding onto Zykye's hand, James onto Cyzelena's, he holding onto Riddle's tail.

"Can we visit the quidditch store?" Zykye asked with a toothless smile, he was just like his old man. Lily squashed that idea fast, well for Harry at least.

"We're heading to the book store first," Lily answered, a smile on her face. Flourish and Blott's had been her favorite store when she was in Hogwarts and she wanted the same for Harry, work before play.

"See yeah Harry," Rico called out to his brother, Cyzelena wiggled her hand free as well and went with her father. That left just him and his mother, well and an invisible cat.

Harry followed his mum silently, he had been wanting to visit this store first anyways. He needed some more books, the library at his house was great but it took forever to find a book and he didn't want to always bother Treble.

So he spent almost an hour with his mum in the book shop before he had to drag her away from the Charms section. She had already put at least five books on Charms for him in their basket which had all his course books and quite a few others.

They headed for robes, where he was fitted to another pair of Hogwarts uniforms exactly like the ones in his old world. Potion supplies and a telescope and seeing Hedwig in the shop, he couldn't resist and had to buy her. Finally all that was left was his wand before he was free to go look at the *new* Nimbus two thousand.

"Ah Lily Evans, it seems like only yesterday that you were in here buying yourself a wand. Ten and a quarter inches long, swishy and made of willow, great for charm work. Your husband though favored a mahogany wand, eleven inches, quite pliable. A little bit more power and excellent for transfiguration. Its really the wand that chooses the wizard or witch of course," Ollivander murmured from behind them but Harry was expecting it and thankfully Riddle had heard the man so no noise came from him but Lily gasped before laughing quietly.

"Yes and with that wand he got away with quite a few things," Lily said in memory. Ollivander smiled knowingly as he made his way behind the counter and started fiddling with boxes.

"So Mr. Potter which one is your wand arm?" Ollivander addressed Harry who was scratching Riddle behind the ears while Ollivander's back was turned.

"My left," Harry muttered, he had changed wand hands. Well he hadn't really, he still used his right occasionally but Voldemort's wand arm was left so he taught himself to use the left instead. There really wasn't a good reason for it, well there was but that was a story for another day.

"Here try this one, beechwood and a dragon heartstring. Ten inches. Nice and flexible. Go on and give it a wave," Ollivander encouraged, Harry vaguely remembered a familiar wand. Smash went the picture to the floor and boom went the vase as it exploded. "Not quite."

Just like his first year, he spent a good amount of time waving his arm with different wands that he knew wouldn't work. He was curious though to see if Neville had gotten his old Holly wand yet.

"Mr. Potter tell me are you ambidextrous?" Ollivander asked, Lily gasped at the question for she knew the meaning of the answer. Only strong wizards were even capable of wielding a wand with both hands, was Harry ambidextrous? Weeks ago he couldn't even do magic and now this? She had to sit down.

"If you are asking if I can use both hands and that they are equally matched then no but if you are asking if I can use both hands with great capability then yes I am what you call ambidextrous," Harry answered honestly, Ollivander gave him a long and scrutinizing look before nodding and going back to the back for a few wands.

"Mr. Potter, since being ambidextrous is quite rare, I only make a few wands that are compatible with both hands. Especially since they are very complicated, two wand arms means two magical cores and two kinds of wood. I have two wands here that have been here for many years," Ollivander told him coming back with two boxes in his hands, he set them down and took off the lids. Harry totally ignored the one

on his left, his eyes were focused on the one on the right, this was his wand. He could feel it, it was calling out at him.

“Oh yes, I thought so. Holly and Yew, a phoenix tail feather and a unicorn hair. Twelve and a half inches. Powerful, yes very powerful. Curious,” Ollivander muttered, oh how that sounded so familiar. Harry took in a breath before he asked the same question he did seven years ago.

“Sorry sir, but what’s curious?” Ollivander fixed him with a pale stare, that more than unnerved him.

“Mr. Potter, it is curious that you are destined for this wand when its materials are the exact opposites of each other. Holly is a light wood, essentially used in wizards wands that are completely into light magic. While Yew is in wands that are destined to be for dark magic.

“A phoenix tail feather from a phoenix so rare that I stumbled upon it by accident. Phoenix’s are so rare but the phoenix I got your feather from a even rarer phoenix. Albino phoenix are almost non existent. I didn’t even see the majestic bird, I stumbled over its nest where a single feather laid. I recognized it the moment I seen and searched the area for weeks before I gave up. I came back here and decided this wand was perfect for such a feather.”

“Albinos are thought to be dark because they are a sort of subspecies of phoenix and people sorely misunderstand them much like that nundu you have,” Ollivander smiled at Harry’s confused face, his hand had stopped from where he had been scratching Riddle’s head, his hand was now being licked till it was slobbered properly.

“I still don’t get it, how can a wand belong to some one. Isn’t a wizard either dark or light?” Harry asked looking curiously down at Riddle, he didn’t know how it felt to be viewed as dark.

“Mr. Potter,” Ollivander sighed, “ This wand can only belong to someone that is both light and dark. Someone that is different all together, someone who blends and utilizes both parts of their personality. Obviously someone like you. A wand chooses its master, it on its own identifies how your future will lay.”

“You receive a light wand then you are destined to be a light wizard, to defend against all that is evil. You receive a dark wand then you are destined to be a dark wizard, to be opinionated and powerful.”

“Your wand tells us that while you have morals and beliefs, all magic is considered the right magic for you. You are what you are Mr. Potter, its now up to you to stand out and show the world what exactly a wizard was made to do.”

“Are choices make us who we are, I learned that from a great wizard,” Harry murmured back at the wizard, he didn’t know how to convey his feelings out right now.

“That is true,” Ollivander ended the conversation. Lily finally caught her bearings and got up to pay for the wand. Ollivander stared at him until he went through the door.

He was knocked over however the moment he stepped out of the store. It seemed he wasn’t going to catch a break today. Luckily Riddle had moved out of the way before he landed on the poor old cat.

“Uh sorry,” Harry groaned rubbing his head where it had collided with the ground. Looking up to see who was sitting on him, brown hair and a chubby face met his view.

“Watch where you’re going,” the boy mumbled irritated as the boy’s mum lifted him off Harry. Harry however was gaping at the boy, a very familiar boy. “Yeah it’s me, Neville the boy-who-lived.”

Neville was dressed in impeccably classy robes the color of Gryffindor red and was that Alice Longbottom glaring at Harry’s mother? Neville himself sneering at Harry as he tried to rid himself of dirt that had clung to him when he fell.

“Apologize,” Alice demanded, everyone was looking at the boy who had made the famous boy-who-lived fall.

“Harry didn’t do anything and if you would lift your overly large and quite arrogant head from the floor maybe you would have heard him

apologize. Discussion over,” Lily finished, taking Harry by the shoulder and leading him through the crowd, Riddle on their heels.

One thing was for sure. Protecting Neville had just become a lot harder. He didn't think a boy like that would accept help from someone like him, someone who Neville obviously now disliked. He just didn't understand how someone so nervous and kind could become so arrogant and snotty? Wait wasn't this the whole reason Dumbledore had put him with the Dursleys? So he would grow up normal and not arrogant of something he himself could not even remember. Guess this Dumbledore had missed the memo.

AN: I'm back and so very glad to be. I finally finished this chapter and got my internet back. Chapters will be coming out now regularly or at least I hope. Gosh you guys don't even know how happy I am to be back. Or how sad I was when I left you guys hanging. I hope you can find it in your hearts to forgive me and fall in love with this chapter much like I did.

Any questions write them in your reviews and I promised to answer them as soon as I can. Reviews? Wow there were so many, I couldn't even believe them. They are still coming in for the last chapter. A few negative ones but overall they made me grin with happiness. I hope to talk to you all soon!

Much Love,

Tenchi Malfoy

Chapter 11: Lord Riddle of Water

It was time, time to go back to Hogwarts, the only place that had ever really felt like home. Harry could barely contain his excitement. All his stuff had been packed for a week; yeah you could say he was excited.

The last month he had spent getting used to using a wand again, especially this wand. It was different, it felt different but in a good way. Like it was perfect, perfect for him. He felt good like he hadn't in a really long time, like nothing could ruin him or his happiness.

"Riddle," Harry shook the lean cat on his shoulder, two bleary forest green eyes looked up at him. Suddenly a long tail was inching up his leg and tickling him, he started laughing and grabbed the said object and tugged, hard. A large hiss met his ears and he laughed harder. "Oh boy, just wanted to wake you up today's the big day."

That's right; Riddle was coming to Hogwarts with him. It was sort of last minute but two weeks ago Dumbledore had visited. Harry seized the chance and asked him if he could take Riddle with him explaining that the nundu wouldn't leave his side and would follow anyways.

Dumbledore agreed on a few conditions. Riddle would have to be put under an illusion charm so that he blended into the background. The teachers would be notified of the special circumstances and then Dumbledore chuckled at him saying that it wasn't exactly against the rules, Riddle was indeed a cat, a very large and intelligent cat albeit.

Riddle would have to stay in his dormitory, where ever that be, during his classes. He was allowed out only for eating times, weekends, holidays and after classes. It was fine with him, he was just happy that the cat was coming, not that he would tell the arrogant thing.

Riddle growled and stretched himself over Harry like he usually did. Riddle had grown quite a bit more, hopefully he would stop soon. He stood at just over two and a half feet at shoulder and Harry was hoping he wasn't going to get any bigger. The bugger must have been five feet long, from tail to whisker.

"Ready now?" Harry asked, all he got was two green eyes shutting on him. Riddle suddenly fell to the ground in a heap, courtesy of one

Harry James Potter. Riddle was expecting this so he landed on his four paws; Harry laughed like always and got up. After he had changed, they both headed out for their morning training.

Everything went normally and the two swam in the lake to cool off before coming back inside to shower. Harry had solved a problem, it took too much time for him and Riddle to take separate showers. So Harry had Treble elongate the bathtub a little bit and split it in two so Harry could be taking shower why Treble played around unknowingly washing himself.

So Harry ran Treble's bath water while he hopped into the shower. Washing himself off he only had to stop for a moment to stop Riddle's water before he finished up. He dressed himself in a pair of dark blue jeans, brushed his hair out and tied it back, threw on a white t-shirt with the England flag on it and clasped his favorite gold chain around his neck.

"Hurry now boy, mum will have breakfast ready in ten and I want to have time to make sure we have everything packed," he urged the cat who was blowing bubbles under the water, stupid things amuse stupid people or other stupid *things*. Riddle jumped out gracefully a moment later, Harry unplugged the tub and pulled his wand out of his pocket and waved it in front of Riddle to dry him.

"One day I am going to go crazy from you I bloody swear," Harry muttered as the infuriating cat rubbed himself against Harry's legs. Harry started walking knowing the cat would follow loyally by his side, down the stairs and into the kitchen they went. A loud ring resounded through the house just as they reached the eatery.

"Harry dear could you get that for me?" Lily asked as she flipped some pancakes. Harry nodded and went off towards the floo room. Pushing the now familiar button, he waited for the fire to turn green as he stood silently with Riddle, his hand on the cat's head.

"Ah Harry, came to see you off Sirius will be over in just a bit," Remus greeted the boy with a quick one armed hug; things were still a little awkward between them. "Is your mum in the kitchen?"

Harry nodded and followed Remus into the kitchen; he sat down at the table with Riddle at his feet. Both waiting to be fed. Remus talked with Lily about work and other things, Harry listened intently while Riddle tickled the tops of Harry's feet with his whiskers. Slowly everyone made their way down to breakfast and sat down sleepy eyed and they talked a little while they filled their stomachs.

"Alright we'll leave in thirty minutes for the station," Lily told them logically starting to clean up all the dishes. "Harry come down early so we can get the charm on Riddle."

Harry nodded and with Riddle by his side went back upstairs and into his room. He tied up his white sneakers and checked his trunk for the hundredth time to make sure he hadn't forgotten anything. Hedwig was locked in her cage still asleep on her perch; he had enjoyed the intelligent owl's presence once again. After all she was his second friend, first was Hagrid of course. Once he was reassured that everything was there, he called in an old friend.

"Treble," Harry called out to nowhere as he petted Riddle behind the ears, both of them sitting on the bed.

"Master Harry is something wrong?" Treble asked urgently appearing out of thin air right after he had called him.

"No just wanted to say goodbye. I'll see you at Christmas won't I?" Harry questioned with a smile patting the piece of bed next to him. The small house-elf clambered up on the bed before answering.

"I is going to be here but Master Harry must study real hard," Treble told him, Harry smiled. "Master Harry may I ask you for a favor?" The poor thing looked like he was about to croak.

"Ask me anything," Harry said sincerely laying back on Riddle's stomach. He could hear the steady beat of the nundu's heart.

"Treble has a brother that works for a child attending Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry and Treble was wondering if you can pass him this letter on to him for me?" Treble asked hesitantly his eyes looking at his wiggling green toes.

"Mhmm what's his name," Harry asked looking at his ceiling; Riddle was licking his arm making his whiskers tickle him lightly.

"Dobby sir," Treble answered lightly, Harry's eyes swiveled over to meet another pair of green ones as he quickly sat up. "He works for master's young friend, the Malfoys."

It had just hit Harry that Dobby had used to work for the Malfoys in his world during the part of the timeline, why wouldn't he here? Treble was his brother? Maybe that's why he liked Treble so much because he reminded him of Dobby.

"Yeah sure Treble," Harry finally answered, Treble let out a squeak as he took out an envelope and handed it over to Harry who got up and put it in his trunk. Before walking back over to Treble who was sitting on the bed, Harry kneeled down and held Treble in his arms, the house-elf gasping before he returned the gesture.

"Master Harry must be careful, don't go looking for trouble where trouble ought not to be found," Treble warned Harry, Harry stared at the Riddle whose eyes locked with his. He was still in the hug as he answered.

"Don't worry Treble, I'll be fine," Harry said letting of Treble. He pushed the thought of "I don't go looking for trouble, trouble usually finds me," and smiled at the house-elf.

"Yes now you must join Mistress Potter in the entrance hall. She is awaiting your presence," Treble said returning the smile before he popped out of the room. Harry let out a breath as he looked back at Riddle with an impassive face.

"Come on boy," Harry said as he silently contemplated if Treble knew about the sorcerers stone. He couldn't say that he was exactly sure that the stone was in Hogwarts but it had to be. Everything so far was the same in the world; he had just traded places with Neville. He hadn't figure out exactly how Neville had survived the curse but he had a suspicion that his mum had something to do with it and Neville's deceased grandmother. But for now he was going to leave the thoughts and focus on returning to Hogwarts once more.

He heaved his trunk out of his room with Riddle following gracefully beside him. It was as if the cat was mocking him, making fun of him because he had to carry the heavy trunk while Riddle just pranced around. But that was probably just his imagination wanting to dislike the cat, which he now found *almost* impossible.

"Harry dear there you are come on we are going to be late," Lily ushered taking her wand out and levitating his trunk out of his arms. Harry sighed as the pressure left his arms and he joined Rico by his father's side. "Now since I am the only one who knows how to drive *responsibly*." James smiled joyfully at this as if remembering a fond memory.

"Good times," James muttered ruffling Rico's mess of red locks, he couldn't do it to Harry anymore since it was too long.

Harry shook his head as he hid his smile from his glaring mother. They walked a little until they reached a black BMW, how they were supposed to fit in that was beyond him. Unless they used magic, after all Ron's parents did but wasn't it illegal? His father put his school trunk into the car trunk as the family waited for him to unlock the doors.

"Bloody hell James would you hurry up!" Lily shouted at him from the other side of the car, James laughed goodheartedly at his wife's patience as he waved his wand, Lily hadn't even thought of using magic. That was now the cause of her light blushing as she got in the car.

"Don't worry mum, Mrs. Weasley gets even more worked up and Jenny told me once that she ran right into a wall after chasing Fred and George on the day of their first year," Rico said reassuringly, Lily smiled from the front seat. Yup magic had been used or else they wouldn't have been sitting comfortably in the backseat with room to spare. Hedwig in her cage, now awake, was next to him. It didn't help though that Riddle took up almost all of the foot space; he was on the end of many receiving glares.

"Kings Cross Station it is then," Lily said starting the car with a flick of her wand, she pulled out of the driveway and went down a narrow road surrounded by acres of forest.

Harry decided to take a short nap since the drive would take at least a half an hour. He was a little overworked about Hogwarts and wanted to be fully energized for the sorting. He was a bit worried about not getting into Gryffindor. He just wasn't the same person he was seven years ago. Gone was the abused, naïve, bespectacled, innocent little boy. In its place was an independent, powerful, ambitious individual with more secrets than Pandora's Box. He was a seventeen year old warrior in an eleven year child's body. It was the most simply complicated matter that he had ever come across, thinking about it made him want to hurl.

"Right on time lily-flower now come on, Sirius and Remus are probably already in there," James said excitedly as Lily parked, Harry's stomach flip flopped as he was one step closer to being back at Hogwarts.

Lily got a trolley which the trunk was set on as well as Hedwig's cage. Holding on firmly to Riddle's tail, his new way of keeping track of the mischievous cat, he followed silently after his family. Once they reached the platform, they went in by twos. Him and Riddle, Rico and Cyzelena, Zykye and Lily and then James pushing the trolley. Once there they were met by the smiling faces of Sirius and Remus.

"Prongs that you lot had gotten lost," Sirius said with his bark like laughter, he came and patted his best friend on the back, both smiling devilishly at some students. "Yeah we still got it."

"Oh shut it, Harry dear let's find you a compartment to stow away your *things*," Lily said with a smack to James overly arrogant head. Harry smiled and nodded, he didn't mind it right now that Lily was once more referring to Riddle as a thing.

"This is my old compartment, your father and his friends used to come in ever year and bug my knickers off," Lily said fondly as she rubbed the window in memory. Harry smiled at his mum, who had her back turned toward him, and stored his trunk on the luggage rack above.

"Um mum the train is going to be leaving soon and I want to say goodbye to everyone," Harry urged lightly, Lily nodded and with one

last look out the window she left, tripping over Riddle as she did so. Harry had a stinky suspicion Riddle knew that was going to happen.

"Idiot cat, I can't see you but I know it was you," Lily muttered looking like a school girl as she got off the ground with a helping hand from Harry. He glared lightly at the cat, he alone knowing where he was. He didn't need to see Riddle to know where he was at, he sort of felt him in a weird way. It was almost if they had a connection, a bond of some sort. It wouldn't be unheard of, he just had never experienced it before, maybe it was one of the powers of a nundu. To bond to a human, a wizard to be able to feel and protect each other whenever. He just didn't know but he would research it.

"So prongsie you excited about Hogwarts?" Sirius asked, Harry looked up into the mans bright blue eyes and had to turn away. For the moment he couldn't look at Sirius, too many memories, too many bad memories. There were some good ones but they got interrupted by horrible images of death and destruction.

"The educational experience will be unmatched," Harry finally said in a distant voice as he stared determinedly at the scarlet steam engine. It seemed ready to go back to its home station in Hogsmeade.

"Yeah right son but remember to get a few pranks in on Snivellus Snape for us will you?" James said with a laugh at Harry's answer, Lily however was beaming at him. Sirius looked crestfallen as his wife and son joined his side. The engine gave a loud warning to the students, ten minutes until the train would leave. It was time to say good bye for a little while, suddenly he didn't feel like leaving.

"I don't want Harry to leave," Cyzelena whined as small tears came out of her eyes. Harry's long-finger hands reached down to wipe them away; he kneeled and hugged his sister as he whispered that he would be back.

"Make sure you write once a week," Rico reminded him with a smile, Harry returned the gesture and ruffled the boy's hair before giving him a one armed hug.

"Don't study too hard son," James said gathering his eldest in for a hug, Lily started to tear up at the perfect picture moment.

"You know me dad," Harry muttered letting go, a pair of small hands suddenly wrapped around his waist. Looking down neat black hair met his gaze; he ruffled the boy's hair fondly as he picked him up. "Going to be good for mum Zykye and practiced your reading."

"Harry do take care of yourself," Remus said after he had set Zykye down. Harry looked up into the amber eyes, the man had been there for him when he needed it the most. In his old world anyway. Up until seventh year Remus had been the father figure he always wanted, but just like his real father and godfather, was murdered. It hurt to look at Remus thinking that the werewolf that killed him in his old world still breathed air in this world.

"I'll have Riddle and Hedwig to help me," Harry laughed rubbing the invisible cat, Remus let out a small chuckle. The man was pale and looking a bit haggard, the full moon must be approaching.

"Since the staff at Hogwarts will know about your *thing*," Sirius muttered trying hard not to glare at the said animal. Harry shifted feet knowingly, Sirius didn't like it that Harry had an animal considered to be dark and had voiced his opinions on it quite a few times. In fact, it had resulted in a few arguments, Sirius and Harry weren't on the best of terms which saddened him greatly. "You may want to pay a visit to Hagrid; he'll love to meet such a dark and dangerous creature."

Harry nodded silently. Apparently Hagrid was good friends with his family and the rest of the marauders in this world. Not that he ever doubted it but it seemed that Hagrid wasn't too fond of him. The old Harry didn't exactly like Hagrid, in fact more than once Harry had taunted him about his magic and how he was unable to use it. He just hoped that he could fix their relationship; Hagrid was a good friend and a powerful ally.

"Alright champ better get going don't want to miss the train, happened to us once remember Padfoot?" James laughed cupping Harry's shoulder. Lily bent over and kissed him in the cheek lovingly, tears welled up in her eyes as she gazed into identical eyes of her own.

"I love you Harry," Lily murmured before crushing herself against her son in a hug. Harry was stiff though, this was the first time since he

got there that he had heard those words. More so, the first time his mother had ever said them to him.

"I-I-" Harry started in a stutter trying to say it back but James was lightly pushing him towards the train that was giving one last hoot before it left the station. "Riddle," he muttered, the cat coming to his side they ran onto the train. Harry looked back at his waving family, which included Sirius, Remus, Roma and Jake. He couldn't smile, Lily's good bye kept playing over in his head. He couldn't help but wonder where Peter was, he wasn't complaining about the rat's lack of appearance. Mark his words though, he would find out where the rat was disappearing too. Looking around though once more, he stopped as he was about to turn his eyes from the window.

Then his eyes caught it or her for better words. She looked so young as she cried hysterically into her mothers arms. Both mother and child waving at the slow moving train, Harry couldn't tear his eyes away. It was then he realized that he could never have Ginny. While he still was madly in love with her, this just wasn't his Ginny. No, his Ginny was cold blood murdered, his Ginny was gone.

"Oh Ginny," Harry muttered tears threatening to spill but he blinked them away as he lost sight of her. He could feel Riddle's restlessness as the cats muscles tensed and shivered under his hand. He looked down at the invisible cat, knowing that his eyes were locked with the forest green ones and nodded.

Silently passing a few familiar faces he was careful to keep Riddle from touching anybody who would be suspicious of the unfamiliar touch of air. That was how Riddle ended up in the air by a small gesture of his wand that went unnoticed by the students of which he silently mourned as he walked back to his compartment. Getting to it though, it wasn't empty.

"Thought this was your luggage Potter," Malfoy greeted him lazily from where he was stroking a handsome looking eagle owl. "Where's that lovely cat of yours?"

"Dumbledore said I couldn't bring him," Harry lied, he could feel Riddle's displeasure at being ignored but he needed to get used to it.

"Bloody Dumbledore thinking he can say and do whatever he wants, who does he think he is?" Draco growled out as Harry took a seat next to Hedwig who was once again napping with her head under her wing.

"Well he is the Headmaster of the school we plan on attending dimwit," Harry told him back with a laugh. Draco amused him, he wasn't going to be best friends with the boy but his alliance would prove to be valuable if he was still here in the future.

Draco in his old world had been a mystery to all. He had played the whole Snape card the entire time he attended Hogwarts. Before disappearing in the middle of sixth year, only to return at the final battle. He was one who would call neutral until he was sure what side was going to win, realizing that Voldemort was going to lose, he had fought for the light. Betraying his father by shooting him with the killing curse. Secretly Harry thought the boy had always had a crush on Ginny, but he could never prove it.

"Hey did you talk to Zabini lately?"

"Um no why would I?"

"His mum was going to let him attend Durmstrang but her old husband's will was brought back up by his grandmother. It stated that Blaise was to attend Hogwarts," Draco explained standing up. "Speaking of the bloke, I'm going to go and find him."

"You do that," Harry muttered under his breath as Draco left the compartment. Harry lowered Riddle when the coast was clear and all but had to push Riddle under the seat as the door opened, two red headed individuals heads popped in, he could just make out an embarrassed looking Ron in the background.

"Oh never mind wouldn't even condemn our own brother to the likes of you," George said glaring at him; Harry looked back out the window. He didn't feel like facing his old friends that loathed him to death for what he had put his sister through.

"I remember hearing though Forge that he did apologize at our dear friend Rico's birthday party, said he's a changed man," Fred pointed

out looking around the compartment. Harry looked back at them with silent hope that was before he noticed their eyes on the crest on Malfoys trunk and owl cage. "But lies, that be the Malfoy's crest."

"I see it old brother to hell with you Potter," Fred and George said in unison before slamming the compartment shut. Harry looked at the compartment door for a moment longer before the valleys of green got his attention once more.

Malfoy seemed to have a knack for either showing up at the wrong times. It didn't matter though, it would take a while to gain back Fred and George's trust and when it came to getting Ron's, he doubted it more than ever. The boy was his old best friend yes but he was also thick headed and close minded and even changing worlds wouldn't change such a personality.

The trees swayed in the wind, Harry sighed sadly. He missed using his elemental powers, being able to have somewhat control over the weather was great. Being able to talk to the plants was interesting; they made for good spies as well. But he would have to wait; his elemental powers couldn't be used in such an inadequate body. His other magic was not at a place where it could control the much more powerful element magic, he just felt that if he tried using the powers too soon that he wouldn't like the results. If it was too soon, then he could either magically implode which would use up all his magic or have to start all over again. Or he would be killed by his own magic. Both were not on his lists of things to accomplish.

So for now he would just listen to his magic and let it build up. Then when his magic felt it was safe and that it could handle elemental magic he would practice it once more. It would come in stages as his regular magic gained back its old power. The more regular magic he had, the more elemental magic he could. That meant at first he would only be able to use small bouts of the magic, like talking to the trees and flowers. Then as his magic progressed he would, no could start using the elements around him, then hopefully he could get back to being able to conjure the elements or ask them for help. It didn't matter it all came down to patience, luckily it was something he learned to have a lot of.

His thoughts however were once more interrupted by the compartment door sliding open. In came a flustered looking witch with bushy brown hair and overly large front teeth. Hermione.

"Have you seen a toad? Only Neville's lost one," Hermione's voice met his ears for the first time in what felt like decades. He stared into her chocolate orbs keeping his sadness from showing; it felt so good to have someone around him that didn't hate him. At least not yet.

"No I haven't actually, maybe you could get one of the older years to summon him with a simple charm?" Harry suggested with a small smile before turning back toward the window, not being able to bare the girl's presence at the moment. All he saw right now when he looked at her was blood and all he heard when she talked was her painful screams.

"Oh I can't believe I didn't think of that. I'm Hermione Granger by the way," she introduced herself sticking her hand out as she stepped into the compartment. Harry turned his head toward her once more but he was saved from grasping her hand, which he knew once touching her that he wouldn't be able to let go. It was now a proven fact that Malfoy comes in at the wrong times, but in a way they were good but who really knows?

"Finally found the bugger," Malfoy muttered pushing passed Hermione with a familiar looking boy behind him. Blaise Zabini was already a highly handsome dark skinned boy with high cheekbones and a strong jaw. Harry knew in which he had inherited for his famous mother who was known to kill her husbands and steal their money. She was famous for her unbearably good looks. "And who are you?"

"She's nobody and was just leaving," Harry interrupted before Hermione could tell the boy her name. Harry knew the moment Hermione spoke; Draco would begin his mud blood tirade. He thought pushing the girl out of the compartment was nicer then letting Draco harass her about her bloodlines. Harry gently pushed her out with a small apologetic smile and shut the door in her muttering face. "Where were we?"

"Bit odd today aren't we Potter?" Zabini asked his voice low and silky, the normal aristocratic tone.

"I would rather not be in the company of a girl at the moment," Harry lied as he sat back down, Riddle's amusement reached him as the cat's tail wrapped around his ankle. "What about you Zabini, have a good summer?"

"Mother stayed for the first part and we visited Australia, she met another hopeless bloke there. Guess that's good bye to husband number eleven," Zabini said with a sadistic smile on his face, Harry laughed lightly. He felt oddly comfortable with these two and honestly he didn't know why. "I heard from Draco that you acquired a nundu."

"Yes Riddle," Harry confirmed fondly, the cat's tail tightened at the mention of his name but no other reaction came from him. He wondered if Zabini held any hatred towards muggles, you could say the two weren't exactly close back in his old world.

"Dirty muggle name if you ask me," Zabini muttered straightening his Hogwarts robes. There goes that theory.

"Good thing I haven't a care about what you think," Harry said offhandedly as he stroked Hedwig's plumage. Zabini nodded thoughtfully, Harry noticed he didn't have any luggage with him. "Staying in another compartment are you?"

"Yeah with the other Slytherins better company you see," Zabini said with a serious voice, Harry couldn't tell if he was joking or not. "They for one dote on my every word."

"Well then scurry back to them lot," Harry urged, Zabini didn't seem to be too much of a horrible person. He didn't think they would be best friends but acquaintances didn't seem to far off. Malfoy was being rather quiet, it could be that he was entranced with petting his owl but somehow Harry doubted it. "You alright mate?"

"Its nothing just thinking that it would have been better if Zabini had gone to Durmstrang," Draco chuckled; Harry smiled at the glaring Zabini. It had never occurred to him though, that while dark wizards were truly selfish at heart that they could have actual friends. From what he had gathered, the old Harry, Draco and Blaise had been good friends.

"You as well," Harry added with a light smile, this got Blaise to chuckle at the outrageous look on Draco's face.

"Well anyone up for going to the Slytherin compartment?" Draco asked changing the subject as he stood up.

"Best idea out of you this year," the dark boy muttered standing up. "What about you Potter?" Harry noticed that while they seemed good friends, most of the time they used each others last name. He stored it for later.

"No actually I think I am going to take a nap," Harry rejected with a tight smile on his face. He wanted to go and see what Slytherins actually talked about but he felt like sleeping again. He was unusually tired and he expected it's was from all the energy he had spent running that morning, he usually took a short one to two hour nap.

"Suit yourself," Draco muttered walking from the compartment with a thoughtful Blaise to follow. "Do you think he is acting a bit weird? I dunno maybe it's just me but he seems sort of off."

"Well he did look terrible," Zabini supplied but truthfully his friend did seem a bit too cheerful. He usually was ranting about one thing another whether it be about his family or just plain whining. "He is probably just having a good day; I heard a rumor that he might be squib."

"Yeah father informed me and now that I think of it. Harry never did show signs of magic but Hogwarts wouldn't have accepted him if he was squib." Blaise nodded thoughtfully at the correct statement, Harry seemed to be magic.

"Perhaps that is why he is in such a cheerful mood?" Blaise suggested as they found the Slytherin compartment, Draco nodded in agreement before they both slid the door in and settled down to chat.

Harry slept through the whole train ride, waking only a few times. Once for the trolley witch who he kindly bought a few chocolate frogs from, one from a prefect making rounds and the last from Draco telling him that he needed to change into his robes, they would be arriving soon.

He felt a lot better and well rested as he quickly changed into his black robes, a crest not at the moment on there. Draco had left saying that he was going to get Blaise, the boy had already changed into his robes and didn't fancy watching Harry do the same.

"Riddle I have to levitate you again boy," Harry told the nundu with an amused smile, the cat didn't like hanging in the air above but he hadn't a choice. The train came to a stop and Harry lifted Riddle into the air and said a short goodbye to Hedwig before walking out from the compartment. Blaise and Draco waiting just outside, both greeted him with gentle nods.

"I personally just can't wait to finally be sorted. Not that I don't know where I'll be, Slytherin of course. Family has been there for ages," Zabini muttered, Draco nodded his head in agreement both looked a bit curious at Harry though. "A shoe-in for Slytherin Potter?"

"I honestly dunno but as you both undoubtedly know. I have many characteristics that Lord Salazar himself prided in his pupils," Harry said thoughtfully thinking of Dumbledore but what he said wasn't a lie. He did have lots of Slytherin qualities more now than he ever had.

And he honestly didn't know what house he was going to be in. He didn't much care either; the happiness of just being back at the castle was overwhelming. If he got into Gryffindor again, then swell. But that was a long shot and he knew it. Too much had happened to him, he was brave still yes more now than ever but one couldn't call him reckless.

That's when he thought that maybe he was now a Ravenclaw. Wisdom he had gained through years of hard work and a force to grow up in a world of death and hate. He prized knowledge above many things; he was no longer the boy who could care less if he knew the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane.

He doubted Hufflepuff was a choice though; yes he was loyal but kind and gentle? He was polite but mercy gave way at his powerful temper. Even his loyalty wavered sometimes, trusting people had gotten him nowhere and even now after it all he was still cautious about giving anyone his loyalty.

Then there was Slytherin. It seemed he had the ability to still speak Parseltongue, of which he knew of no idea as to how. He had several theories though. One which being that for using the language for so long he had just learned to remember it. He was glad to have it too; such a thing would come in handy in the future. If he was still here that is.

Then there was his streak of cunning and his life's ambition. Both highly showed, he expected a lot of himself and he expected it to be down well. He would probably fall under the word of mysterious but if people chose to underestimate him than that was their own downfall. He actually welcomed them to such a thought, for it would work greatly to his advantage.

Harry stepped out of the train and immediately heard the booming voice of Hagrid. He sighed happily at the sight of his first friend he ever had, once more thoughts of his death filled his mind. Roughly he pushed them from his mind as he gracefully walked along side Draco and Blaise making their way into a boat. Another boy, Nott, he recognized joined them. Harry wondered where Crabbe and Goyle were, weren't they back in his world Draco's loyal lackeys?

"Theodore Nott," said the fourth boy sticking his hand out in a greeting. The voice was though not as deep as his fathers, would one day be. And the elder Nott was not on his Christmas list. "You must be Draco Malfoy, Blaise Zabini and a Potter?"

"Yes Harry Potter is there a problem?" Harry asked tensely as he felt Riddle's paw brush his head as the cat tried to reach the water. Harry moved the cat from above the boat and let his Wingardium Leviosa charm cancel itself. A big splash was heard as water splashed on them, Harry felt Riddle resurface but just as he did so the cat was dragged back under.

Harry furrowed his eyebrows as every wonder looked around for the cause of the sudden water splash. When Riddle didn't resurface a few seconds later, Harry caught sight of a rather large tentacle over Draco's indignant cries of telling his father about being splashed. Riddle still hadn't resurfaced; Harry did the first thing that came to mind.

Standing up he dived into the water ignoring the shouts from above he sent a call out through the water. He had for the first time used his elemental magic but for good reason. Riddle couldn't hold his breath long underwater and if he didn't find him soon, he would die.

AN: So I know this is super late and it is so for reasons that I must keep to myself since they are quite personal. Well this chapter was fun and the next chapter should hold the saving of Riddle, the sorting and possibly a discussion with Dumbledore. Not sure yet, I might even get Snape involved, who knows? Anyways hope you like the new chapter. Now I know I haven't asked you lot a question in ages so I thought now would be the proffered time.

Question: Harry's wand, any questions, comments or concerns about it?

If there is please do say something and I will do my best to answer them. I rather like how I presented Harry's wand, it does fit him quite perfectly. Well I must be off but do enjoy this chapter and if you could please review for it does renew my child like love for this story. Much love.

Tenchi Malfoy

Chapter 12: Mission: Save Riddle, Avoid Questions, Be Sorted

Gently he let his elemental magic flow out through his hand, silently asking the water to find Riddle. Suddenly the water was pushing him through like a torpedo, familiar tentacles of the giant squid started showing up. Harry had never seen the thing face to face and he wasn't sure he really wanted the *pleasure* either

He was running out of breath and he could feel his throat start to constrict lightly. He didn't want to push his luck and ask the air from above to lend him some oxygen. He felt already exhausted thanks to the use of his elemental power, which was consequently not ready to be used. It was still highly drained, from what he expected was his trip and his lack of an adequate body at the moment.

Now was not the time though to be thinking of such things, he had to find Riddle. The water was still pushing him closer to the body of the giant squid. As he got closer he noticed two large dark eyes were staring at him, they looked like two tunnels. Then he spotted Riddle, eyes closed and body limp from lack of air. Riddle was intelligent and strong but he was nothing compared to the giant squid.

Harry thanked the water after he was sitting right in front of the giant squid. He had already been submersed under water for at least a minute and thirty seconds possibly more. Without some outside help, he wouldn't last long and he could already feel the beginning of his mind losing consciousness.

Suddenly the giant squid came and took him by a tentacle and started lifting him back towards the surface. The giant squid wasn't supposed to harm students, it was forbidden but apparently their pets were an exception. Harry struggled using his regular magic and threw a stunning spell at the tentacle. The grip loosened a little bit but Harry was still held by the creature.

Spots were forming inside his eyes as his eyelids started to shut. Just before they connected with the bottoms, oxygen filled his lungs. How could that be possible? He hadn't breathed any in and he didn't use his elemental magic to call up the elements help, so what?

That was when his eyes fluttered over to Riddle, his own eyes lazily staring at him in deathly exhaustion. Harry could see that Riddle was just moments from death and here he was again going to let another person, or animal in this case die for him. With renewed strength, partly from the air in his lungs and partly from purely wanting to save his friend, yes Riddle was indeed his friend. Maybe even his best friend.

Sure the nundu couldn't talk to him but that didn't stop them from communicating. They used gestures, body language and eye contact. But most of all they for some reason could just feel each other, their presences and feelings. To him, Riddle was human and had just saved his life, perhaps against saving his own.

Focusing his attention on the tentacle, he forced his magic to congregate out of his finger tips. His hand on the tentacle, he felt them get hot and the water steamed around his finger tips. The tentacle loosened incredibly fast as Harry burned the large creature. Temporary distracted Harry silently called Riddle to him, his hand out thinking of nothing else but having Riddle in his arms. And then, he was. Riddle was laying limp in his arms and they were sinking fast.

The giant squid seemed to take notice that his dinner was no longer in his reach and tentacles were zooming after the perpetrator, him. He knew what he had to do; calling out once more to the water he urged it to lift him out.

Then suddenly they were flying through the air onto the other side of the lake away from Hogwarts. His exhaustion was nothing to what he felt after the last battle but it was still wearing on his small form. They landed roughly on their bottoms, or he did. Riddle was still limp in his arms; Harry felt his hip bone crack under the force.

Wincing slightly he pushed Riddle onto the ground and with his last bit of strength he called on his elemental magic once more to remove the water from Riddle's lungs and fill them with air. Seconds later, right before he blacked out, forest green eyes opened slowly and stared into blurry emerald green ones. He wasn't sure what happened after that but he woke up some time later to whispering voices.

"Albus just stun the stupid cat," a woman's voice, stern and firm it sounded like Professor McGonagall.

"Professor McGonagall I cannot just stun this nundu, I don't know if the spell will even work against such a dark magical creature," Dumbledore said honestly and it wouldn't. Harry found that out the hard way, Riddle could deflect the spell with that damned tail of his.

"Riddle," Harry called out to the nundu who was no longer under the charm. Riddle's body had probably removed it unconsciously when it lost most of its energy. Riddle was busy prowling around his body, which he noted wasn't hurting. His eyes narrowed slightly suspicious that the cat had helped him but he couldn't be sure. "Stand down boy."

"Mr. Potter!" McGonagall shouted running over and bending down to check him under the watchful gaze of Riddle. "What you did was irresponsible you could have died!"

"Professor McGonagall could you please go back to the school and retrieve Madam Pomfrey?" Dumbledore asked staying rooted to his spot ten feet away.

"No its fine, I didn't sustain any injuries," Harry interrupted sitting up before standing and brushing off his robes that were still soaked with the lake water. "No really Riddle may need some checking out though." Harry said when McGonagall tried to help him up with a stern glance. McGonagall looked hesitant to help such a creature.

"We saw the giant squid throw you from the water and we rushed over to help you. The Headmaster was so kind as to have postponed the sorting ceremony until you returned," McGonagall explained her eyes looking at Riddle over her glasses.

"I do however believe that the students might be getting restless so let us return," Dumbledore reentered the conversation with a gentle smile. "Since we are still on Hogwarts grounds, are only choice is to fly."

Suddenly Harry was in the air and being zoomed over the lake; he resisted the urge to use his magic against Dumbledore's and relaxed.

Soon his feet were touching the ground in front of the entrance doors of Hogwarts, Dumbledore and McGonagall arriving moments later. Riddle was however nowhere to be seen, Dumbledore must have put him back under the charm. Harry felt the cat come up to his leg and nudged him towards the door.

"If you would proceed Harry," Dumbledore instructed gently, Harry nodded silently and walked through the open doors followed by the two elder adults. In memory he walked over to the great hall the doors slightly ajar, noises of impatient students wanting food reached his sensitive ears. "Silence!"

The noise seemingly ceased to exist as everyone's attention refocused on the two adults, one child and unknowingly on a silent nundu. The silence was deafening as all that could be heard were their footsteps as they walked up to the head table, Harry stopping to stand silently by Blaise and Draco. He made an almost unnoticeable flick of his wand when a girl was hit with Riddle's tail, it sent the nundu flying angrily back in the air.

"Professor McGonagall if you would proceed with the sorting," Dumbledore instructed once he had seated, McGonagall nodded and took out the parchment that held the list of their names. "After a few short words of course." Everyone groaned but Harry perked his ears up, this wasn't normal.

"Students, it has long been known that four houses reside in Hogwarts. Or that is what everyone thought. It has recently been brought to our attention that there was a fifth house; a house that long went extinct five hundred and thirteen years ago. It was said to have the lowest amount of students out of the four houses." Dumbledore paused, Harry's breath caught in his throat, how come in his old world there wasn't this fifth house?

"Sometime having as little as 3 students and no more than 9 had ever been recorded. By a vote the house was taken out of the choosing for the Sorting Hat since it seemed frivolous to have such a house with an almost nonexistent population. The house was lost in time but recently when finding an old journal of a late Headmaster of the

school, the last one to have the house in his term at Hogwarts; it was decided to reinstate this house."

"To be chosen to be in the fifth house, or Sphinxen, it is said that you must have qualities of all four houses. Not much else is known about why they are chosen but they do not attend classes with regular students. Now McGonagall if we could start, the students are getting restless," Dumbledore finished with a smile, restless indeed. Everyone could be seen whispering among themselves over this new information.

Harry was dumbstruck, this wasn't supposed to happen. What if he ended up in this new house? He supposed it was going to be easier, there were no pre-approved views on this house, no rivalries but since they didn't have classes with everyone else then it would be harder to keep Neville safe. Let's face the truth here; this Neville was different and didn't seem too fond of him already, so there was no way in knowing the boy would let him know his actual magical ability. Harry sighed heavily to himself as the sorting hat sung the same song before McGonagall cleared her throat and brought out the stool.

"Abbot, Hannah." McGonagall started with a stern look on her face, it brought Harry out of his thoughts. The blonde pigtailed girl bounced happily up to the chair, her expression nervous as McGonagall placed the sorting hat on her head. A few moments later and, "HUFFLEPUFF!" Everything was going as it should be so far, and then Hermione was called.

It was a few minutes before the first member of the new house was announced, "SPHINXEN!" Nobody cheered as everyone stared; suddenly a small round table appeared in the middle of the room between Gryffindor and Ravenclaw. Above it a banner appeared, purple and white stripes with a fierce looking Sphinx in the middle of a glowing purple fire. It was then Harry knew that this was house, he belonged there.

It went on and Neville was sorted into Gryffindor amongst cheers, the loudest yet. Dumbledore raised his goblet and drank from it in a silent celebration, he obviously had expected this but his face also showed the slightest amount of relief. Why was he relieved? Malfoy went up

and just as the same, the moment the sorting hat touched his head, Slytherin was yelled. Then came Moon, Dominic and if Harry recalled last time he was sorted into Slytherin, he didn't know the boy but he always seemed the quiet type.

"SPHINXEN!" Harry raised his eyebrows, once more nobody from the other houses clapped; Hermione was alone in celebrating another in her lonesome house. Her claps resided in the hall in a silent echo. Harry turned back when Nott was once more sorted into Slytherin, big surprise there. A few more students were sorted into the same houses, and then he was called. He noticed Draco give him a thumbs up, he was happy though when whispers didn't follow him as the sorting hat was placed over his head.

"What do we have hear? A Potter...good to have a direct distant relative...well let's see here...a certain memory is being blocked from my view...interestingly you are not the one blocking it...no worries...here we go...your intelligence is very advanced at such a young age...such heartbreak...parseltongue mhm that is certainly interesting considering your heritage...such raw power...weak as it is right now...elemental are you? Been three hundred years if I do recall...a familiar already...a nundu seated right above you extended in the air...not too happy about it...how interesting...loyal you are but certainly not to many...ambitious...courageous...hardworking...passionate and studious...all good traits...so where to put you..."

"Would it be prudent to ask that wherever you do decide to put me, be somewhere that I will flourish the best in no matter the house?" Harry requested in a whisper knowing the hat could hear him but the hat ignored him.

"Protecting the Longbottom boy eh? That boy will have troubles that most could never dream of...yet you would give your life to save him...if only you knew that all is not what it seems...look upon the forehead and gauge the thoughts deep within...you will see that all is not what it seems," the hat repeated, what was that suppose to mean? *"Don't fret on it too much boy...he needs you or else he will fail but it is not my place to tell you...keep your eyes open young*

one...SPHINXEN!" He yelled the last word for all to hear, Harry furrowed his eyebrows as he took the sorting hat off his head.

He stepped off the stool and looked up to the small table, his two housemates clapping for him. He met both of their eyes and nodded in a greeting way as he sat down, when the sorting continued he took out his wand under the table and silently lowered Riddle down out of the air. The cat rested at his feet, happy to be on the ground once more.

At the end of the sorting ceremony, they were still the only three students that had been sorted into the fifth house, Sphinxen. Dumbledore stood up and the students quieted down, they had been back to whispering about the new house.

"Welcome to a new year at Hogwarts!" Dumbledore greeted, everyone erupted in claps, and their table seemed to be drowned out by the others. All three of them clapping in a reserved manner, it was almost amusing. "Let me not keep you from the feast any longer, let me leave you to these last few words, Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak! Thank you!" Dumbledore sat down, didn't matter what world you were in, he would never change.

"I'm Hermione Granger," Hermione introduced herself to the both of us, me a second time. I shook her offered hand after Dominic did.

"Dominic Moon." The other boy offered, I smiled and shook his hand. The boy was about average height, maybe 5'2 at the tallest. He was skinny with very little muscle, tan skinned the color of Latin descent. He had dark brown hair with dark blue eyes that stuck out against his darkened skin. His nose was skinny with flared nostrils but it fit his face well.

"Harry Potter." Harry said with a small smile as he settled down to eat, their table wasn't very big. Probably five feet in diameter and the three sat about a foot away from each other. "So a fifth house?" Harry started conversation as he gave a piece of chicken to Riddle under the table; the two remained in the dark for now about the cat beneath their feet.

"With three students," Dominic said in an amused voice as he tore apart a roll and ate it in pieces. "I wonder what classes will be like and what about our Professors, who are they?"

Harry furrowed his eyebrows and looked up at the head table. He kept himself from glaring at Quirrell, turban wrapped around the monster. Everyone else was oblivious that Voldemort lay just in reach but now was not the time to strike. Snape caught his eye; the man didn't hide his glare of which he returned it gleefully. The man may have been on their side but the man also took it on his own account to torture him mentally his entire life at Hogwarts.

Dominic was right, there were no other Professors other than the regular ones and they wouldn't have the time to teach them, not with all their other classes. So who would teach them, perhaps Dumbledore was going to tell them after the feast? Or maybe the old codger had forgotten but it wasn't likely.

"Dunno but I read in *Hogwarts, A History* that there was only four houses, there wasn't even a mention of a fifth house or a supposed fifth house," Hermione entered into the conversation as she shook her head.

"No there wouldn't be, Dumbledore said that the information was lost. I bet it was covered up and lost on purpose," Dominic added, his voice held a distinct accent over his British one, Latin indeed.

"Five hundred and thirteen years ago he said?" Harry questioned, the two nodded and he continued. "Wasn't that when the Wizarding World was going through the revolution for the equal rights of all magical persons alike?"

"I dunno but if that is true than are you implying that the house was discarded since the students in this house were supposedly different?" Dominic asked catching on, Harry nodded absently it was only a theory.

"I get it; you're saying that they discarded the house so that everyone who attended the school would be taught the same things, so they were all equal. Nobody was seen as different." Hermione added in a whisper of confirmation. "Then why now?"

"I dunno," both boys answered in unison. Harry looked up at Dumbledore with furrowed eyebrows trying to figure out what was going through that man's head. Feeling Harry's eyes the man stopped his conversation for a moment with Professor Flitwick and caught his gaze. The Headmaster smiled gently before holding his gaze for a moment longer, he then went back to talking to the Charms Professor. Harry went back to eating.

"Ahem, just a few more words now that we are all fed and watered. A few start of term notices," Dumbledore stood up and gathered their attention. "First years should note that the forest on the grounds is forbidden to all pupils. And a few older students would do well to remember that as well." Harry didn't have to be looking at Dumbledore to know that his eyes flickered to the Weasley twins for a moment before continuing.

"I have also been asked by Mr. Filch, the caretaker, to remind you all that no magic is allowed to be used between classes in the corridors. Quidditch trials will be held in the second week of term. Any one interested in playing for their house teams, please contact Madam Hooch." Harry frowned here; he doubted they had a house team. Not enough players, not *nearly* enough players.

"And finally, I must tell you that this year; the third-floor corridor on the right-hand side is out of bounds to everyone who does not wish to die a very painful death." He heard a few chuckles but none came from his house members. He was alone as the only student knowing exactly Dumbledore meant.

"He seems serious," Dominic whispered a bit skeptical.

"And now before we go to bed, let us sing the school song!" cried Dumbledore raising his hands, wand in hand. Harry smiled at Dumbledore for the fond memory came up; he knew the other Professors were very less fond of the idea. "Everyone pick their favorite tune and off we go!"

The words hung snakelike above in wisps of smoking words, the school bellowed the song. Harry in memory whispered it lightly to himself, it felt good to be in a place where worry was not a constant thought and death didn't hang in the air. Everyone was so cheerful as

they sung in a loud mess of voices; the Weasley's once again ending it in a slow funeral march. Everyone clapped, Dumbledore being one of the loudest.

"Ah, music," he said wiping his eyes. "A magic beyond all we do here, now off you trot!"

The three didn't move though, they sent each other confused glances. The three visibly relaxed though when Dumbledore made his way down to them with a smile as all the other students headed off to bed.

"Children would you like to join me?" Dumbledore answered waving his arm towards the door, Harry recognized it as the same door that led to the room the champions had went in after they were chosen in his fourth year. "Just for a little chat about your unique house."

The three slowly got up and followed Dumbledore to the room in silence. Harry felt Riddle next to him and pushed the urge to put him back in the air, the poor nundu had been through enough today. Once in the room Dumbledore told them to sit down on the couch, Harry welcomed the comforting seat as Dumbledore sat down in a lounge chair directly across from them.

"I suppose you are wondering exactly what you will be taught and what is so different about your house?" Dumbledore said as he flicked his wand at the fire, it burst to life with flames. "Well as a Sphinxen more is going to be expected of you, you'll receive a list of rules that will be posted in your common room. We have different Professors and you'll be attending classes with just each other, classes that are different. You will still be taught the basic subjects, Charms, Transfiguration, Defense Against the Dark Arts, Potions, Astronomy and Herbology."

"But you see, your classes will be in levels and sub-topics of a sort. I suppose you want an example?" Dumbledore questioned, three confused nods returned to him, he continued. "Well you will in your first year you will be taught the "The Theory of Transfiguration" and then second year "Inanimate Transfiguration" third year, "Transfiguration of Animals" and so on. Most of your first year will be theory and book work." Surprisingly none of them groaned at the statement, Dumbledore continued with a smile.

"Most students have forgotten what hard work really is. You three students were chosen to be in the Sphinxen house for this unique ability and your others. Not just study habits but you three have some other kind of magical talent, I can correctly assume that you three along with I have no idea what that talent is and we won't. Not until third year when you will be tested for it and trained to use and embrace it. Not much is known about the Sphinxen house but I suppose that there are books about your house and its unknown history in your common room."

"Professor you suppose, haven't you ever been inside the Sphinxen common room?" Hermione interrupted with an apologetic look on her face.

"No I have not Miss Granger. Only students of the house and house-elves are allowed in the common room and dormitory, not even the Headmaster can enter. This brings me to my next point of discussion. You do not have a head of house but all the Professors, yours and the regular Professors have the right to punish you if any wrong doing is committed." Dumbledore said sternly, his blue eyes staring at them over his half moon glasses.

"Yes Headmaster," the three muttered all together in voices just above a whisper.

"Now are there any questions?" Silence and then.

"Headmaster, when will we know all of our classes and Professors?" Hermione asked, just like Hermione to want to know exactly what and when she was being taught and by whom. Harry had the urge to hug her but he held back, she would probably think him insane.

"Your schedules will be in your common room in the morning Miss Granger, I have told the house-elves to place them there," Dumbledore answered, twinkle in his eye shining ever brighter.

"Headmaster, why can't everyone be taught what we are going to be learning?" Harry asked this one, Dumbledore sighed.

"Mr. Potter like I said before most have forgotten the value of hard work. Most students have trouble with the usual class load, you three

will have much more to handle. You were chosen because you have this special forgotten trait. You must understand this and that you three will be treated no different than any other students but more expectations will be handed to you and you will be expected to fulfill them." Dumbledore explained urgently, Harry nodded his head followed by the other two. "Now Harry since you were sorted into Sphinxen you will be allowed to reveal your pet to your housemates."

"Riddle come," Harry muttered, the two looked around confusedly. He knew he should have been more happy but he didn't want to be different, not again. Dumbledore dropped the charm and a nundu came walking gracefully over. "My familiar Riddle, he is a nundu." Hermione was wide eyed while Dominic looked mildly curious.

"A dark creature?" Dominic muttered under his breath, Harry's eyes darkened but he was expecting a comment like this.

"He isn't dark just misunderstood," Harry explained, anger lacing his words. Riddle came and sat down; he used his long tail to wrap around Hermione's arm, the girl shrieked and tried to get him to release it. "He won't hurt you, Riddle let go." Riddle unwrapped his tail with what looked like a disgruntled expression, Hermione calmed down a few moments later and even petted Riddle's soft fur.

"He's gorgeous," she murmured and I nodded, Riddle warmed up to her all of a sudden. He licked her face with his pale white tongue, Hermione laughed softly. It was music to his ears to hear her laugh once more but it hurt as well.

"Now lets get you three to bed, morning will come fast for you," Dumbledore added softly standing up. Riddle became invisible again and traveled along his right side between him and Hermione, Dominic on his left and Dumbledore in front of them. "To the Seventh Floor!"

[illegible]

AN: So a new chapter, wow that was fast but I knew how anxious you guys were. Not to mention how excited I was for you guys to be introduced to the Sphinxen house. Well I know some of you won't like it and some of you will love it but that is just how writing goes. An

author will always have fans who disagree with something they write. It's alright, so tell me what you think about it.

As you can see his friends will be Hermione Granger and Dominic Moon. Those will be his immediate friends; he will stay friends with Draco and Blaise though. Well enough out of me, got shut me up before I blurt the whole plot out to you guys.

Well I don't know when the next chapter is going to come out but it will contain descriptions of their common room and dormitory. Harry will meet his teachers; get an unexpected wake up call, possibly a talk with Dobby, classes and a quick chat with Draco and Blaise.

If you don't already know, I have recently started a new story, Scars of Happiness. It is about a girl named Carvilia Morgaine Le Fay. Direct Descendent of Morgan Le Fay and Merlin. It's set in the MWPP era and is a prequel of a sort of a story that is to come that will involve dear Harry of all people. Anyways I hope you check it out, the first chapter is out and the second should be in two or three days. That's all I can think of right now, Much Love.

Tenchi Malfoy

Extra Note: I'm looking for a good beta, anyone interested?